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P O E M S

A N D

TRANSLATIONS;

WITH THE

S O P H Y,

A

T R A G E D Y.

Written by the Honourable
SIR JOHN DENHAM,
Knight of the Bath.

The FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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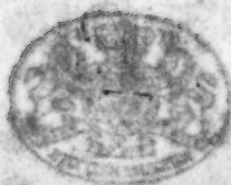
P. O. F. M. S.

AND

TRANSITORY

THE

S. O. H. Y.



THE

OF

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OF

T O T H E
K I N G.

SIR,

After the Delivery of your Royal Father's Person into the Hands of the Army, I undertaking to the Queen-Mother that I would find some means to get Access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of *Hugh Peters* I got my Admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen (his Majesty having been long kept in the Dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole State of his Affairs: But, Sir, I will not launch into a History, instead of an Epistle. One Morning waiting on him at *Causbam*, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some News of my self, which was, that he had seen some Verses of mine the Evening before (being those to Sir R. *Fanshawe*)

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three Years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, He was afraid I had written them since my Return into *England*, and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alledging, that when Men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the Overflowings of their Fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious Employments, if they still persisted in that Course, it would look, as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the Honour to wait upon him, and at his Departure from *Hampton-Court*, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at *London*, to send to him and receive from him all his Letters from and to all his Correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnish'd with nine several Cyphers in order to it: Which Trust I performed with great Safety to the Persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine Months after being discovered
by

The Epistle Dedicatory.

by their Knowledge of Mr. *Cowley's* Hand, I happily escaped both for my self, and those that held Correspondence with me; that Time was too hot and busie for such idle Speculations, but after I had the good Fortune to wait upon your Majesty in *Holland* and *France*, you were pleased sometimes to give me Arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our Banishment, which now and then fell not short of your Majesty's Expectation.

After, when your Majesty, departing from *St. Germain's* to *Fersey*, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that Place wherein I have now the Honour to serve you, I then gave over Poetical Lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your Majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old Master's Commands till this Summer at the *Wells*, my Retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy Thoughts, which the new Apparitions of Foreign Invasion, and domestick Discontent gave us: But these Clouds being now happily blown
over,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

over, and our Sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the Relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the Epidemical Disease of Age, which is apt to fall back into the Follies in Youth; yet *Socrates*, *Aristotle*, and *Cato* did the same; and *Scaliger* saith, that Fragment of *Aristotle*, was beyond any thing that *Pindar* or *Homer* ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for those Epistles are commonly greater Absurdities than any that come after; for what Author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great Name of some eminent Patron in the Forehead of his Book can charm away Censure, and that the first Leaf should be a Curtain to draw over and hide all the Deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such Shifts, for most of the Parts of this Body have already had Your Majesty's View, and having past the Test of so clear and sharp-sighted a Judgment, which has as good a Title to give Law in Matters of this Nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your Majesty will do more wrong to their own Judgment, than

The Epistle Dedicatory.

than their Judgment can do to me: And for those latter Parts which have not yet received Your Majesty's favourable Aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not trust my own Judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of Mankind, who never forsake their darling Vices, till their Vices forsake them; and that this Divorce was not *Frigiditatis causa*, but an Act of Choice, and not of Necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an humble Petition, that Your Majesty will please to pardon this new Amour to my old Mistress, and my Disobedience to his Commands, to whose Memory I look up with great Reverence and Devotion, and making a serious Reflection upon that wise Advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given; for when Age and Experience has so ripen'd Man's Discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or publick Affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the Fruit of it so much as the empty, airy Reputation of being *Nimis Potentia*, and therefore I shall take my Leave of
the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Muses, as two of my Predecessors did,
saying

*Splendidis longum vale dico nugis
Hic versus & cætera ludicra pono.*

*Your Majesty's most Faithful
and Loyal Subject, and most
Dutiful and Devoted Servant,*

JO. DENHAM,

THE

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P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are Poets which did never dream
Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the Stream
Of *Helicon*, we therefore may suppose
Those made not Poets, but the Poets those.
And as *Courts* make not *Kings*, but *Kings* the *Court*,
So where the Muses and their Train resort,

B

Parnassus

Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee

A Poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.

Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,

By taking wing from thy auspicious height)

Through untrac'd Ways and airy Paths I flie,

More boundless in my Fancy than my Eye:

My *Eye*, which swift as Thought contracts the space

That lies between, and first salutes the place

Crown'd with that sacred Pile, so vast so high,

That whether 'tis a part of Earth, or Sky,

Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud

Aspiring Mountain, or descending Cloud,

Paul's, the late Theme of such a * Muse whose flight

Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height:

Now shalt thou stand, tho' Sword, or Time, or Fire,

Or Zeal more fierce then they, thy fall conspire,

Secure, whilst thee the best of Poets sings,

Preserv'd from ruin by the best of Kings.

* *Mr. Waller.*

Under his proud survey the City lies,
And like a Mist beneath a Hill doth rise;
Whose State and Wealth, the Business and the Crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker Cloud:
And is to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, tho' sev'ral ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While Luxury, and Wealth, like War and Peace,
Are each the others ruin, and increase;
As Rivers lost in Seas, some secret Vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh Happiness of sweet retir'd Content!
To be at once Secure, and Innocent.

* *Windsor* for the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells,
Beauty with Strength) above the Valley swells
Into my Eye, and doth it self present
With such an easie and unforc'd Ascent,

* *Windsor*.

B 2

That

That no stupendious Precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our Eyes:
But such a Rife, as doth at once invite
A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.
Thy mighty Master's Emblem, in whose face
Sate Meekness, heighten'd with Majestick Grace,
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears,
But *Atlas* only which supports the Spheres.
When *Nature's* hand this ground did thus advance
'Twas guided by a wiser Pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the Builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
Folly or Blindness only cou'd refuse.
A Crown of such Majestick Tow'rs does grace
The Gods great Mother, when her heav'nly Race

Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
 Among that num'rous, and Celestial Host,
 More *Heroes* than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fame's
 Immortal Book record more noble Names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this Isle
 Owes the first Glory of so brave a Pile,
 Whether to *Cæsar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
 The *British Arthur*, or the *Danish Knute*,
 (Tho' this of old no less Contest did move,
 Than when for *Homer's* Birth sev'n Cities strove)
 [Like him in Birth, thou should'st be like in Fame,
 As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)
 But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave Place, and then as brave a Mind.
 Not to recount those sev'ral Kings, to whom
 It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb,
 But thee (great * *Edward*) and thy greater Son,
 [The Lillies which his Father wore, he won)

* *Edward* III. and the *Black-Prince*. }

And

And thy † *Bellona*, who the Confort came
Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame,
She to thy Triumph led one Captive * King,
And brought that Son, which did the second bring.
Then didst thou found that Order (whether Love
Or Victory thy Royal Thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design, has been the great success:
Which foreign Kings, and Emperors esteem
The second Honour to their Diadem.
Had thy great Destiny but giv'n thee skill,
To know as well, as pow'r to act her will,
That from those *Kings*, who then thy *Captives* were,
In after-times should spring a Royal Pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy Desires more mighty, did devour;

† Queen Philip.

* The Kings of France and Scotland.

To whom their better Fate reserves what e'er
The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquisht fear;
That *Blood*, which thou and thy great *Grandfire* shed,
And all that since these sister Nations bled,
Had been unspilt, had happy *Edward* known
That all the Blood he spilt, had been his own.
When he that Patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and Martyr, and his Arms confin'd
Within the Azure Circle, he did seem
But to foretel, and prophesie of him,
Who to his Realms that Azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd.
That bound, which to the World's *extreamest ends*,
Endless it self, its liquid Arms extends;
Nor doth he need those Emblems which we paint,
But is himself the Soldier and the Saint.
Here should my *Wonder* dwell, and here my Praise,
But my fixt thoughts my wandring Eye betrays

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Viewing a neighb'ring Hill, whose top of late
A Chappel crown'd, till in the Common Fate,
Th' adjoining Abby fell: (may no such Storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform.)
Tell me, (my Muse) what monstrous dire Offence,
What Crime could any *Christian* King incense
To such a Rage? Was't Luxury, or Lust?
Was he so Temperate, so Chast, so Just? [more:
Were these their Crimes? They were his own much
But Wealth is Crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the Treasures of his Crown,
Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.
And yet this Act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of Sacrilege, must bear Devotion's Name.
No Crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming Good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,
And free from Conscience, is a Slave to Fame.

Thus

Thus he the Church at once protects, and spoils:
But Princes Swords are sharper than their Stiles.
And thus to th' Ages past he makes amends,
Their Charity destroys, their Faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,
In empty, airy Contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the Stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate Region can be known,
Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?
Cou'd we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,
But to be restless in a worse Extream?
And for that Lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a Calenture?
Can Knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for Ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false Guide to err by day?

Who

Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous Invader sackt the Land?
But when he hears, no *Goth*, no *Turk* did bring
This Desolation, but a *Christian* King;
When nothing, but the Name of Zeal appears
'Twixt our best Actions and the worst of theirs,
What does he think our Sacrilege wou'd spare,
When such th'effects of our Devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt *Anger*, *Shame* and *Fear*,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near:
My Eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where **Thames* among the wanton Vallies strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs
Hasting to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
Like Mortal Life to meet Eternity.
Tho' with those Streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;

* *Thames*.

His

His genuine and less guilty Wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches Plenty for th'ensuing Spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like Mothers which their Infants overlay.
Nor with a sudden and impetuous Wave,
Like profuse Kings, resumes the Wealth he gave.
No unexpected Inundations spoil
The Mower's hopes, nor mock the Plowman's toil:
But Godlike his unweary'd Bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.
Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;
When he to boast, or to disperse his Stores
Full of the Tributes of his grateful Shores,
Visits the World, and in his flying Tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;

Finds

Finds Wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in Defarts, Woods in Cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair Bosom is the World's Exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull
Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full.
Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,
Whose Fame in thine, like lesser Currents lost,
Thy Nobler Streams shall visit *Jove's* Abodes,
To shine among the * Stars, and bath the Gods:
Here Nature, whether more intent to please,
Us or her self, with strange Varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's, than Beholders sight.
Tho' these Delights from sev'ral Causes move;
For so our Children, thus our Friends we love)

* *The Forest.*

Wisely

Wifely ſhe knew, the Harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from Diſcord ſprings.
Such was the Diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, Order, Beauty through the Univerſe;
While Drineſs Moiſture, Coldneſs Heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the Wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the Flood.
Such huge extreams when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence Delight.
The Stream is ſo transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the *Self-enamour'd * Youth* gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his Face had ſeen.
But his proud Head the airy Mountain hides
Among the Clouds; his Shoulders, and his Sides
A ſhady Mantle cloaths; his curled Brows
Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows

* *Narciſſus.*

While

While *Winds* and *Storms* his lofty *Forehead* beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious Plain is plac'd,
Between the Mountain and the Stream embrac'd:
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind River *Wealth* and *Beauty* gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest indears.

This Scene had some bold *Greek*, or *British* Bard
Beheld of old, what Stories had we heard,
Of *Fairies*, *Satyrs*, and the *Nymphs* their *Dames*,
Their *Feasts*, their *Revels*, and their *am'rous Flames*:
'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
All but a quick Poetick sight escape.

There *Faunus* and *Sylvanus* keep their Courts,
And thither all the horned Host resorts
To graze the ranker Mead, that Noble Herd,
On whose sublime and shady Fronts is rear'd

Nature's

Nature's great Master-piece; to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the King, when great Affairs
Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his Cares,
Attended to the Chase by all the flow'r
Of Youth, whose hopes a Nobler Prey devour:
Pleasure with Praise, and Danger they would buy,
And wish a Foe that would not only flie.

The Stag now conscious of his fatal Growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his Retreat had made,
Where nor Man's Eye, nor Heav'ns should invade
His soft Repose; when th'unexpected sound
Of Dogs, and Men, his wakeful Ear does wound:
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his Ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his Fear
Had giv'n this false Alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.

Be-

Betray'd in all his strengths, the Wood beset;
All Instruments, all Arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head;
With these t'avoid, with that his Fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing Eye
Has lost the *Chasers*, and his Ear the cry;
Exulting, 'till he finds, their Nobler Sense
Their disproportion'd speed does recompense;
Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his Friends; among the baser Herd,
Where he so lately was Obey'd, and Fear'd,
His Safety seeks: The Herd, unkindly Wife,
Or chafes him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining States-man, left forlorn
To his Friends pity, and Pursuers scorn,

*

With

With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the Coverts, and the conscious Groves,
The Scenes of his past Triumph, and his Loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the Soyl, and all the Herd his own;
And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame;
And taught the Woods to Eccho to the Stream
His dreadful Challenge, and his clashing Beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife;
So much his Love was dearer than his Life.
Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath
Presents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All Safety in despair of Safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.

C

And

And now too late he wishes for the fight
That Strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd:
He straight revokes his bold Resolve, and more
Repents his Courage, than his Fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And Doubt a greater Mischief than Despair.
Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their Rage so desperate t'assay
An Element more merciless than they.
But fearless thy pursue, nor can the Flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for Blood.
So tow'rd's a Ship the Oar-fin'd Gallies ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extream Despair.

So fares the Stag among th' enraged Hounds,
Repels their force, and Wounds returns for Wounds.
And as a Hero, whom his baser Foes
In Troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler Foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal Shaft lets flie
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his Blood,
And stains the Chrystal with a Purple Flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd, * and meant a Prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.

C 2

When

* Runny Mead, where that great Charter was first sealed.

When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that *Charter seal'd, wherein the Crown
All marks of Arbitrary Pow'r lays down:
Tyrant and Slave, those names of Hate and Fear,
The happier stile of King and Subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same Center move,
When Kings give Liberty, and Subjects Love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that Seal, it must be seal'd in Blood.
The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
Till Kings by giving, give themselves away,
And ev'n that Pow'r, that should deny, betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own Fear reviles,
"Not thank't, but scorn'd; nor are they Gifts, but Spoils.
Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their Subjects, by Oppression, bold:

* *Magna Charta.*

And popular Sway, by forcing Kings to give
More than was fit for Subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extreams ; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm River rais'd with sudden Rains,
Or Snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining Plains,
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with Bays and Dams they strive to force
His Channel to a new, or narrow course;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells:
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his Pow'r his Shoars.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

Destruction of Troy, &c.

There are so few Translations which deserve Praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserv'd Pardon; those who travel in that kind being for the most part so unhappy, as to rob others, without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good Authors, without raising their own: Neither hath any Author been more hardly dealt withal than this our Master; and the reason is evident, for, what is most excellent, is most inimitable; and if even the worst Authors are yet made worse by their Translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my Copy equal to the Original, nor (consequently) my self altogether guiltless of what I accuse others; but if I can do *Virgil* less injury than others have done, it will be, in some degree to do him right; and indeed, the hope of doing him more right, is the only scope of this Essay, by opening this new way of Translating this Author, to those whom Youth, Leisure, and better Fortune makes fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar error in Translating Poets, to affect being *Fidus Interpres*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of Fact, or matters of Faith: but whosoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate Language into Language, but Poesie into Poesie; and Poesie is of so subtile a Spirit, that in the pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new Spirit be not added in Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput mortuum*, there being certain Graces and Happineses peculiar to every Language, which gives life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers at Verbal Translation, shall have the misfortune of that young Traveller, who lost his own Language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it: for the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words; and the grace of the English, by being turned into the Latin Phrase. And as Speech is the apparel of our Thoughts, so are there certain Garbs and Modes of speaking, which vary with the Times; the fashion of our Clothes being not more subject to alteration, than that of our Speech: and this I think *Tacitus* means, by that which he calls *Sermonem temporis istius auribus accommodatum*; the delight of change being as due to the curiosity of the ear, as of the eye; and therefore if *Virgil* must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not only as a Man of this Nation, but as Man of this Age; and if this Disguise I have put upon him (I wish I could give it

a better name) fit not naturally and easily on so Grave a Person, yet it may become him better than that Fools-Coat, wherein the French and Italian have of late presented him; at least, I hope, it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormously bigger or less than the life, (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow Nature in all his proportions) Neither have I any where offered such violence to his Sense, as to make it seem mine, and not his. Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our Language, or my Art were defective, (but I rather suspect myself;) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; so that if they are not his own Conceptions, they are at least the results of them; and if (being conscious of making him speak worse than he did almost in every line) I err in endeavouring sometimes to make him speak better; I hope it will be judged an Error on the right hand, and such an one as may deserve Pardon, if not Imitation.

T H E

Destruction of *T R O Y*,

An E S S A Y on the
Second Book of *Virgil's Æneis*.

Written in the Year 1636.

The A R G U M E N T.

The first Book speaking of Æneas his voyage by Sea, and how being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who after the Feast, desires him to make the relation of the Destruction of Troy, which is the Argument of this Book.

WHile all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks *Æneas* from the bed of State;

Madam, when you command us to review

Our Fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,

And

And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more:
Not the most cruel of Our conqu'ring Foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our Woes,
As not to lend a Tear; then how can I
Represent the horror of my Thoughts, which flye
The sad remembrance? Now th'expiring Night
And the declining Stars to Rest invite;
Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
The *Greeks*, so many Lives and Years expir'd,
A Fabrick like a moving Mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return; this Fame
Divulges, then within the Beast's vast womb
The choice and flow'r of all their Troops entomb;
In view the Isle of *Tenedos*, once high
In Fame and Wealth while *Troy* remain'd, doth lie

(Now

(Now but an unsecure and open Bay)
Thither by stealth the *Greeks* their Fleet convey :
We gave them gone, and to *Mycenæ* fail'd,
And *Troy* reviv'd, her mourning Face unvail'd;
All through th'unguarded Gates with joy resort
To see the flighted Camp, the vacant Port;
Here lay *Ulysses*, there *Achilles*, here
The Battels join'd, the *Grecian* Fleet rode there ;
But the vast Pile th'amazed Vulgar views,
Till they their Reason in their Wonder lose;
And first *Tymates* moves (urg'd by the Pow'r
Of Fate, or Fraud) to place it in the Tow'r ;
But *Capis* and the graver fort thought fit,
The *Greeks* suspected Present to commit
To Seas or Flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains t'explore;
Th'uncertain Multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the Tow'r, enrag'd

Laocoon

Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, What desp'rate Frenzy's this, (oh Friends)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design, their gifts but a deceit;
For our Destruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not *Ulysses* shifts?
Their Swords less danger carry than their Gifts.
(This said) against the Horse's side his Spear
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; And had not Fate decreed
Our Ruin, we had fill'd with *Grecian* blood
The Place, Then *Troy* and *Priam's* Throne had stood
Mean while a fetter'd Pris'ner to the King
With joyful shouts the *Dardan* Shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the Taker, and at once the Prey,

Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his Death or his Design assur'd.
The *Trojan* Youth about the Captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the *Grecian* fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the Troops that guarded him, he cries,
What Land, what Sea, for me what Fate attends?
Caught by my Foes, condemned by my Friends,
Incens'd *Troy* a wretched Captive seeks
To sacrifice, a Fugitive, the *Greeks*;
To Pity this Complaint our former Rage
Converts, we now enquire his Parentage,
What of their Councils or Affairs he knew,
Then fearless, he replies, Great King to you
All truth I shall relate: Nor first can I
My self to be of *Grecian* birth deny,

And

And though my outward state Misfortune hath
Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my Faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of *Palimede*, who from old *Belus* came,
Whom, but for voting Peace, the *Greeks* pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My Father was his Friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While Laws and Councils did his Throne support,
I but a Youth, yet some Esteem and Port
We then did bear, till by *Ulysses* craft
(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
Till now disdaining his unworthy end,
I could not silence my Complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever Fate or Chance allow'd
My wisht return to *Greece*; from hence his Hate,
From thence my Crimes, and all my Ills bear date:

Old Guilt fresh Malice gives; the Peoples Ears
He fills with Rumours, and their Hearts with Fears,
And then the Prophet to his Party drew.
But why do I these thankless Truths pursue;
Or why defer your Rage? on me, for all
The *Greeks*, let your revenging fury fall.
Ulysses this, th' *Atridae* this desire
At any rate. We straight are set on fire
(Unpractis'd in such Myst'ries) to enquire
The manner and the cause: Which thus he told
With Gestures humble, as his Tale was bold.
Oft have the *Greeks* (the Siege detesting) tyr'd
With tedious War, a stol'n Retreat desir'd,
And would to Heav'n they'd gone: But still dismay'd
By Seas or Skies, unwillingly they stay'd,
Chiefly when this stupendious Pile was rais'd
Strange Noises fill'd the Air; we all amaz'd

Dis-

Dispatch *Eurypilus* t'enquire our Fates,
Who thus the Sentence of the Gods relates;
A Virgin's slaughter did the storm appease.
When first tow'rds *Troy* the *Grecians* took the Seas;
Their safe Retreat another *Grecian's* blood
Must purchase. All at this confounded stood:
Each thinks himself the Man, the fear on all
Of what, the Mischief, but on one can fall:
Then *Calchas* (by *Ulysses* first inspir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry Gods requir'd,
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inspir'd as he) and did my Fate foretel:
Ten days the Prophet in suspense remain'd,
Would no Man's Fate pronounce; at last constrain'd
By *Ithacus*, he solemnly design'd
Me for the Sacrifice; the People join'd
In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my Fate; the Day drew near,

The

The sacred Rites prepar'd, my Temples crown'd
With holy Wreaths; Then I confess I found
The means to my escape, my Bonds I brake,
Fled from my Guards, and in a muddy Lake
Amongst the Sedges all the Night lay hid,
Till they their Sails had hoist (if so they did.)
And now alas no hope remains for me
My Home, my Father, and my Sons to see,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my Offence,
And punish, for my Guilt, their Innocence.
Those Gods who know the Truths I now relate,
That Faith which yet remains inviolate
By Mortal Men; by these I beg, redress
My causeless Wrongs, and pity such Distress.
And now true Pity in exchange he finds
For his false Tears, his Tongue his Hands unbinds.
Then spake the King, Be Ours, who e'er thou art,
Forget the *Greeks*. But first the Truth impart,

D

Why

Why did they raise, or to what use intend
This Pile ? to a Warlike, or Religious end ?
Skilful in Fraud, (his native Art) his Hands
Tow'rd Heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from Bands.
Ye pure Æthereal Flames, ye Pow'rs ador'd
By Mortal Men, ye Altars, and the Sword
I 'scap'd; ye sacred Fillets that involv'd
My destin'd Head, grant I may stand absolv'd
From all their Laws and Rites, renounce all name
Of Faith or Love, their secret Thoughts proclaim;
Only, O *Troy*, preserve thy Faith to me,
If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
From *Pallas* favour, all our Hopes, and all
Counsels and Actions took Original,
'Till *Diomed* (for such Attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with *Ulysses* Wit)
Affails the sacred Tow'r, the Guards they slay,
Defile with bloody Hands, and thence convey

The fatal Image; straight with our Success
Our Hopes fell back, whilst Prodigies express
Her just Disdain, her flaming Eyes did throw
Flashes of Lightning, from each part did flow
A briny Sweat, thrice brandishing her Spear,
Her Statue from the Ground it self did rear;
Then, that we should our Sacrilege restore
And reconvey their Gods from *Argos* shore,
Chalcas perswades, 'till then we urge in vain
The Fate of *Troy*. To measure back the Main
They all consent, but to return agen,
When reinforc'd with aids of Gods and Men.
Thus *Chalcas*; then instead of that, this Pile
To *Pallas* was design'd; to reconcile
Th'offended Pow'r, and expiate our Guilt,
To this vast height and monstrous Stature built,
Lest through your Gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your Vows to her, and her Defence to you.

But if this sacred Gift you dis-esteem,
Then cruel Plagues (which Heav'n divert on them)
Shall fall on *Priam's* State: but if the Horse
Your Walls ascend, assisted by your force,
A League 'gainst *Greece* all *Asia* shall contract;
Our Sons then suff'ring what their Sires would act.
Thus by his Fraud and our own Faith o'ercome,
A feigned Tear destroys us, against whom
*Tydid*es nor *Achilles* could prevail,
Nor ten Years conflict, nor a thousand Sail.
This seconded by a most sad Portent,
Which Credit to the first Imposture lent;
Laocoon, *Neptune's* Priest, upon the day
Devoted to that God, a Bull did slay,
When two prodigious Serpents were descry'd,
Whose circling Stroaks the Sea's smooth Face divide;
Above the Deep they raise their scaly Crests,
And stem the Flood with their erected Breasts,

Their

Their winding Tails advance and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking Billows force.

Now landing, from their brandisht Tongues there came
A dreadful Hiss, and from their Eyes a Flame:

Amaz'd we flye; directly in a line

Laocoon they pursue, and first intwine

(Each preying upon one) his tender Sons,

Then him, who armed to their Rescue runs,

They seiz'd, and with entangling Folds embrac'd,

His Neck twice compassing, and twice his Waist:

Their Pois'nous Knots he strives to break, and tear,

While Slime and Blood his sacred Wreaths besmear,

Then loudly Roars, as when th' enraged Bull

From th' Altar flies, and from his wounded Skull

Shakes the huge Ax; the conqu'ring Serpents flye

To cruel *Pallas* Altar, and there lye

Under her feet, within her Shield's extent.

We, in our Fears, conclude this Fate was sent

Justly on him, who struck the Sacred Oak
With his accursed Lance. Then to invoke
The Goddess, and let in the fatal Horse
We all consent:

A spacious breach we make, and *Troy's* proud Wall
Built by the Gods, by our own hands doth fall;
Thus, all their help to their own Ruin give,
Some draw with Cords, and some the Monster drive
With Rolls and Leavers, thus our Works it climbs
Big with our Fate, the Youth with Songs and Rhimes
Some dance, some hale the Rope; at last let down
It enters with a thund'ring Noise the Town.

Oh *Troy* the Seat of Gods, in War renown'd;
Three times it stuck, as oft the clashing sound
Of Arms was heard, yet blinded by the Pow'r
Of Fate, we place it in the sacred Tow'r.

Cassandra then foretels th'event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the Gods decree.)

The Altars with fresh Flow'rs we crown, and waste
In Feasts that Day, which was (alas) our last.
Now by the revolution of the Skies,
Night's fable Shadows from the Ocean rise,
Which Heav'n and Earth, and the *Greek* frauds in-
The City in secure Repose dissolv'd, [volv'd,
When from the Admiral's high Poop appears
A Light, by which the *Argive* Squadron steers
Their silent Course to *Ilium's* well known Shore,
When *Synon* (fav'd by the Gods partial Pow'r)
Opens the Horse, and through the unlockt Doors
To the free Air the armed Freight restores:
Ulysses, *Steneleus*, *Tysander* slide
Down by a Rope, *Machaon* was their Guide;
Atrides, *Pyrrhus*, *Thoas*, *Athamas*,
And *Epeus* who the Fraud's Contriver was:
The Gates they seize, the Guards, with sleep and wine
Opprest, surprize, and then their Forces join.

'Twas then, when the first sweets of Sleep repair
Our Bodies spent with Toil, our Minds with Care;
(The Gods best Gift) When, bath'd in Tears and Blood,
Before my Face lamenting *Hector* stood,
Such his Aspect when, soyl'd with bloody Dust,
Dragg'd by the Cords which through his Feet were
By his insulting Foe; O how transform'd, ^{(thrust}
How much unlike that *Hector* who return'd
Clad in *Achilles* Spoils; when he, among
A thousand Ships (like *Jove*) his Lightning flung;
His horrid Beard and knotted Tresses stood
Stiff with his Gore, and all his Wounds ran Blood:
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, The Joy,
The Hope and Stay of thy declining *Troy*;
What Region held thee, whence, so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to us consum'd and tir'd
With Toyls and Deaths; but what sad cause confounds
Thy once fair Looks, or why appear those Wounds?

Re-

Regardless of my Words, he no Reply
Returns, but with a dreadful Groan doth cry,
Fly from the Flame, O Goddess-born, our Walls
The *Greeks* possess, and *Troy* confounded falls
From all her Glories; if it might have stood
By any Pow'r, by this right Hand it shou'd.
What Man could do, by me for *Troy* was done,
Take here her Reliques and her Gods, to run
With them thy Fate, with them new Walls expect,
Which, tost on Seas, thou shalt at last erect;
Then brings old *Vesta* from her sacred Quire,
Her holy Wreaths, and her eternal Fire.
Mean while the Walls with doubtful Cries resound
From far (for shady Coverts did surround
My Father's House) approaching still more near
The clash of Arms, and Voice of Men we hear:
Rous'd from my Bed, I speedily ascend
The Houses Tops, and listning there attend.

As

As Flames rowl'd by the Winds conspiring Force,
 O'er full-ear'd Corn, or Torrents raging Course
 Bears down th'opposing Oaks, the Fields destroys
 And mocks the Plough-mans Toil, th' unlookt for Noise
 From neighb'ring Hills th'amazed Shepherd hears
 Such my Surprise, and such their Rage appears.
 First fell thy House, *Ucalegon*, then thine
Deiphobus, *Sigæan* Seas did shine
 Bright with *Troy's* Flames, the Trumpets dreadful
 The louder Groans of dying Men confound. [sound
 Give me my Arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
 My self 'mong any that oppos'd the Foe:
 Rage, Anger, and Despair at once suggest,
 That of all Deaths, to die in Arms was best.
 The first I met was *Panthus*, *Phæbus* Priest,
 Who 'scaping with his Gods and Reliques fled,
 And tow'rd the shore his little Granchild led;

Panthus, what Hope remains? what Force? what
Made good? but fighting, he replies (alas) ^{[Place} }
Trojans we were, and mighty *Ilium* was;
But the last Period and the fatal Hour
Of *Troy* is come: Our Glory and our Pow'r
Incens'd *Jove* transfers to *Grecian* hands,
The Foe within the burning Town commands;
And (like a smother'd Fire) an unseen Force
Breaks from the Bowels of the fatal Horse:
Insulting *Synon* flings about the Flame,
And thousands more than e'er from *Argos* came
Possess the Gates, the Passes, and the Streets,
And these the Sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
The Guard nor fights nor flies; Their Fate so near
At once suspends their Courage and their Fear.
Thus by the Gods, and by *Atrides* Words
Inspir'd, I make my way through Fire, through Swords,
Where

Where Noises, Tumults, Out-cries and Alarms
I heard; first *Iphitus* renown'd for Arms
We meet, who knew us (for the Moon did shine)
Then *Ripheus*, *Hippanis*, and *Dymas* join
Their Force, and young *Choræbus Mygdon's* Son,
Who, by the Love of fair *Cassandra* won,
Arriv'd but lately in her Father's Aid;
Unhappy, whom the Threats could not dissuade
Of his Prophetick Spouse;
Whom, when I saw, yet daring to maintain
The Fight, I said, Brave Spirits (but in vain)
Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all Extreames? The state of Our Affairs
You see: the Gods have left us, by whose Aid
Our Empire stood; nor can the Flame be staid:
Then let us fall amidst our Foes; this one
Relief the Vanquish'd have, to hope for none.

Then

Then re-inforc'd, as in a stormy Night
Wolves urged by their raging Appetite
Forage for Prey, which their neglected Young
With greedy Jaws expect, ev'n so among
Foes, Fire and Swords, t' assured Death we pass,
Darkness our Guide, Despair our Leader was.
Who can relate that Evening's Woes and Spoils,
Or can his Tears proportion to our Toils?
The City, which so long had flourish'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the Houses, Temples, Walls.
Nor only on the *Trojans* fell this Doom,
Their Hearts at last the Vanquish'd re-assume;
And now the Victors fall, on all sides, Fears,
Groans and pale Death in all her shapes appears:
Androgeus first with his whole Troop was cast
Upon us, with Civility misplac'd;
Thus greeting us, You lose, by your delay,
Your share both of the Honour and the Prey;
Others the Spoils of burning *Troy* convey

Back to those Ships, which you but now forsake;
We making no return; his sad mistake
Too late he finds: As when an unseen Snake
A Traveller's unwary Foot hath prest,
Who trembling starts, when the Snake's azure Crest,
Swoln with his rising Anger, he espies,
So from our view surpriz'd *Androgeus* flies.
But here an easie Victory we meet:
Fear binds their Hands, and Ignorance their Feet,
Whilst Fortune our first Enterprize did aid,
Encourag'd with success, *Choræbus* said,
O Friends, we now by better Fates are led,
And the fair Path they lead us, let us dread.
First change your Arms, and their Distinctions bear;
The same, in Foes, Deceit and Virtue are.
Then of his Arms *Androgeus* he divests,
His Sword, his Shield he takes, and plumed Crests,
Then

Then *Ripheus*, *Dymas*, and the rest, All glad
 Of the occasion, in fresh Spoils are clad.
 Thus mixt, with *Greeks*, as if their Fortune still
 Follow'd their Swords, we Fight, Pursue, and Kill.
 Some re-ascend the Horse, and he whose sides
 Let forth the Valiant, now the Coward hides.
 Some to their safer Guard, their Ships, retire;
 But vain's that Hope, 'gainst which the Gods conspire:
 Behold the Royal Virgin, the Divine
Cassandra, from *Minerva's* fatal Shrine
 Dragg'd by the Hair, casting tow'rds Heav'n, in vain,
 Her Eyes; for Cords her tender hands did strain:
Choræbus at the spectacle enrag'd,
 Flies in amidst the Foes: we thus engag'd,
 To second him, among the thickest ran;
 Here first our Ruin from our Friends began,
 Who from the Temple's Battlements a show'r
 Of Darts and Arrows on our Heads did pour:

They

They, us for *Greeks*, and now the *Greeks* (who knew
Cassandra's Rescue) us for *Trojans* slew.

Then from all parts *Ulysses*, *Ajax*, then,

And then th' *Atridæ* rally all their Men ;

As Winds, that meet from sev'ral Coasts, contest,

Their Prisons being broke, the South and West,

And *Eurus* on his winged Coursers born,

Triumphing in their speed, the Woods are torn,

And chafing *Nereus* with his *Trident* throws

The Billows from their bottom; Then all those

Who in the dark our Fury did escape,

Returning, know our borrow'd Arms, and Shape,

And diff'ring Dialect: Then their numbers swell

And grow upon us; first *Choræbus* fell

Before *Minerva's* Altar, next did bleed

Just *Ripheus*, whom no *Trojan* did exceed

In Virtue, yet the Gods his Fate decreed.

Then *Hippanis* and *Dymas*, wounded by
Their Friends; nor thee *Panthus* thy Piety,
Nor consecrated Mitre, from the same
Ill Fate could save; My Country's fun'ral Flame
And *Troy's* cold Ashes I attest, and call
To witness for my self, That in their fall
No Foes, no Death, nor Danger I declin'd,
Did, and deserv'd no less, my Fate to find.
Now *Iphitus* with me, and *Pelias*
Slowly retire, the one retarded was
By feeble Age, the other by a Wound;
To Court the Cry directs us, where we found
Th' Assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the rest secure from Foes or Fear:
The *Greeks* the Gates approach'd, their Targets cast
Over their Heads, some scaling Ladders plac't
Against the Walls, the rest the Steps ascend,
And with their Shields on their left Arms defend

Then

E

Arrows

Arrows and Darts, and with their Right hold fast
The Battlement; on them the *Trojans* cast
Stones, Rafters, Pillars, Beams; such Arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded Roofs, the marks of ancient State,
They tumble down, and now against the Gate
Of th'Inner Court their growing force they bring,
Now was our last Effort to save the King,
Relieve the Fainting, and succeed the Dead.
A Private Gallery 'twixt th' Apartments led,
Not to the Foe yet known, or not observ'd,
(The way for *Hector's* hapless Wife reserv'd,
When to the aged King, her little Son
She would present) Through this we pass, and run
Up to the highest Battlement, from whence
The *Trojans* threw their Darts without offence.
A Tow'r so high, it seem'd to reach the Sky,
Stood on the Roof, from whence we could descry

All

All *Ilium*---both the Camps, the *Grecian* Fleet;
This, where the Beams upon the Columns meet,
We loosen, which like Thunder from the Cloud
Breaks on their Heads, as sudden and as loud.
But others still succeed: Mean time, nor Stones
Nor any kind of Weapons cease.
Before the Gate in gilded Armour, shone
Young *Pyrrhus*, like a Snake, his Skin new grown,
Who fed on pois'nous Herbs, all Winter lay
Under the Ground, and now reviews the Day
Fresh in his new Apparel, Proud and Young,
Rowls up his Back, and brandishes his Tongue,
And lifts his scaly Breast against the Sun;
With him his Father's Squire, *Antomedon*
And *Periphas* who drove his winged Steeds,
Enter the Court; whom all the Youth succeeds
Of *Scyros* Isle, who flaming Firebrands flung
Up to the Roof, *Pyrrhus* himself among

The foremost with an Axe an entrance hews
Through Beams of solid Oak, then freely views
The Chambers, Galleries, and Rooms of State,
Where *Priam* and the ancient Monarchs fate.
At the first Gate an Armed Guard appears;
But th' Inner Court with Horror, Noise and Tears
Confus'dly fill'd, the Womens Shrieks and Cries
The Arched Vaults re-eccho to the Skies;
Sad Matrons wandring through the spacious Rooms
Embrace and kiss the Posts: Then *Pyrrhus* comes
Full of his Father, neither Men nor Walls
His Force sustain, the torn Port-cullis falls,
Then from the Hinge, their Strokes the Gates divorce
And where the way they cannot find, they force:
Not with such Rage a swelling Torrent flows
Above his Banks, th' opposing Dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the Fields, the Cattle, Sheep,
Shepherds, and Folds the foaming Surges sweep.

And now between two sad Extreams I stood,
Here *Pyrrhus* and th' *Atridae* drunk with Blood,
There th' hapless Queen amongst an hundred Dames,
And *Priam* quenching from the Wounds those Flames
Which his own Hands had on the Altar laid:
Then they the secret Cabinets invade,
Where stood the Fifty Nuptial Beds, the hopes
Of that great Race; the Golden Posts, whose tops
Old hostile Spoils adorn'd, demolisht lay,
Or to the Foe, or to the Fire a Prey.
Now *Priam's* Fate perhaps you may enquire:
Seeing his Empire lost, his *Troy* on Fire,
And his own Palace by the *Greeks* possest,
Arms long diffus'd, his trembling Limbs invest;
Thus on his Foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their Fate, but to provoke his own:
There stood an Altar open to the view
Of Heav'n, near which an Aged Laurel grew,

Whose shady Arms the Household Gods embrac'd;
Before whose Feet the Queen her self had cast
With all her Daughters, and the *Trojan* Wives,
As Doves whom an approaching Tempest drives
And frights into one Flock; but having spy'd
Old *Priam* clad in youthful Arms, she cry'd,
Alas my wretched Husband, what pretence
To bear those Arms, and in them what defence?
Such Aid such Times require not, when again
If *Hector* were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here We shall a Sanctuary find,
Or as in Life, we shall in Death be join'd.
Then weeping, with kind Force held and embrac'd
And on the secret Seat the King she plac'd;
Mean while *Polites*, one of *Priam's* Sons,
Flying the Rage of bloody *Pyrrhus*, runs
Through Foes and Swords, and ranges all the Court
And empty Galleries, amaz'd and hurt ;

Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last Blood in *Priam's* Presence spills.
The King (though him so many Deaths inclose)
Nor Fear, nor Grief, but Indignation shows;
The Gods requite thee (if within the Care
Of those above th' affairs of Mortals are)
Whose Fury on the Son but lost had been,
Had not his Parents Eyes his Murder seen:
Not That *Achilles* (whom thou feign'st to be
Thy Father) so inhumane was to me;
He blusht, when I the rights of Arms implor'd;
To me my *Hector*, me to *Troy* restor'd:
This said, his feeble Arm a Javelin flung,
Which on the sounding Shield, scarce entring, rung.
Then *Pyrrhus*; Go a Messenger to Hell
Of my black Deeds, and to my Father tell
The Acts of his degen'rate Race. So through
His Son's warm Blood, the trembling King he drew

To th' Altar; in his Hair one Hand he wreaths;
His Sword, the other in his Bosom sheaths:
Thus fell the King, who yet surviv'd the State,
With such a signal and peculiar Fate.
Under so vast a Ruin not a Grave,
Nor in such Flames a fun'ral Fire to have:
He whom such Titles swell'd, such Pow'r made proud
To whom the Scepters of all *Asia* bow'd,
On the cold Earth lies th' unregarded King,
A headless Carcase, and a nameless Thing.

On the Earl of Stafford's Tryal and Death.

Great *Stafford*! worthy of that Name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy Fall,
Crusht by Imaginary Treasons weight,
Which too much Merit did accumulate:
As Chymists Gold from Brass by Fire would draw,
Pretexts are into Treason forg'd by Law.

His Wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three Kingdoms Wonder, and three Kingdoms Fear;
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an Army, as an equal Foe.
Such was his force of Eloquence, to make
The Hearers more concern'd than he that spake;
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a Looker on than he;
So did he move our Passion, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the Crime their own.
Now private Pity strove with publick Hate,
Reason with Rage, and Eloquence with Fate:
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too Guilty, but too Wise to live;
Less seem those Facts which Treasons Nick-name fore,
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after Death their Fears of him express,
His Innocence and their own Guilt confess.

Their

Their Legislative Frenzy they repent;

Enacting it should make no President.

This Fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose

Honour for Life, but rather nobly chose

Death from their Fears, than Safety from his own,

That his last Action all the rest might Crown.

*On my Lord Croft's and my Journey into Poland,
from whence we brought 10000l. for his Majesty,
by the Decimation of his Scottish Subjects
there.*

I.

TOle, tole

Gentle Bell, for the Soul

Of the pure ones in *Pole*,

Which are damn'd in our Scroul.

II.

Who having felt a touch

Of *Cockram's* greedy Clutch,

Which

Which though it was not much,
Yet their stubbornness was such,

III.

That when we did arrive,
'Gainst the Stream we did strive;
They would neither lead nor drive:

IV.

Nor lend
An Ear to a Friend,
Nor an Answer would send
To our Letter so well penn'd.

V.

Nor assist our affairs,
With their Monies nor their Wares,
As their Answer now declares,
But only with their Prayers.

VI. Thus

VI.

Thus they did persist,
Did and said what they list,
'Till the Dyet was dismiss;
But then our Breech they kist.

VII.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The Dyet said *Amen*.

VIII.

And because they are loth
To discover the Troth,
They must give Word and Oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

IX.

Thus the Constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the Father to the Son.

X.

But *John*

(Our Friend) *Molleſſon*,
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint Invention.

XI.

Like the Prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the Miſchiefs in ſtore,
Ay, and thrice as much more.

XII.

And with that wicked Lie,
A Letter they came by
From our King's Maſteſty.

XIII.

But Fate

Brought the Letter too late,

'Twas

'Twas of too old a Date,
To relieve their damned State.

XIV.

The Letter's to be seen,
With seal of Wax so green,
At *Dantzige*, where't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

XV.

But he that gave the hint,
This Letter for to Print,
Must also pay his stint.

XVI.

That trick,
Had it come in the Nick,
Had touch'd us to the Quick;
But the Messenger fell Sick.

XVII.

XVII.

Had it later been wrought,
And sooner been brought,
They had got what they fought,
But now it serves for nought.

XVIII.

On *Sandys* * they ran aground,
And our Return was crown'd
With full ten thousand Pound.

On Mr. Tho. Killigrew's Return from his Embassie from Venice, and Mr. William Murry's from Scotland.

O Ur Resident *Tom*,
From *Venice* is come,

And hath left the Statesman behind him :

Talks

Mr. W

II.

Talks at the same pitch,
 Is as wise, is as rich,
 And just where you left him, you find him.

II.

But who says he was not
 A Man of much Plot,
 May repent that false Accusation,
 Having plotted and penn'd
 Six Plays, to attend
 The Farce of his Negotiation.

III.

Before you were told
 How *Satan* * the old
 Came here with a Beard to his Middle;
 Though he chang'd Face and Name,
 Old *Will* was the same,
 At the Noise of a Can and a Fiddle.

*

* Mr. W. Murrey.

IV. These

IV.

These Statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the Sheriff,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no Wine,
Which is a shrewd sign
That all's not so well as it should be.

V.

These three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of Banishment, Debts, or dying?
Not old with their Years,
Nor cold with their Fears;
But their angry Stars still defying.

VI.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor Sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger:

At *Paris*, at *Rome*,
 At the *Hague* they're at home;
 The good Fellow is no where a Stranger.

*To Sir John Mennis, being invited from Calice
 to Bologne to eat a Pig:*

I.

ALL on a weeping *Monday*,
 With a fat *Bulgarian* Sloven,
 Little Admiral *John*
 To *Bologne* is gone
 Whom I think they call old *Loven*.

II.

Hadst * thou not thy fill of Carting,
Will. Aubrey, Count of *Oxon*.
 When Nose lay in Breech

And

We three riding in a Cart from *Dunkirk* to *Calice* with a fat *Dutch*
 Woman who broke wind all along.

And Breech made a Speech,
So often cry'd a Pox on?

III.

A Knight by Land and Water
Esteem'd at such a high-rate,
When 'tis told in *Kent*,
In a Cart that he went,
They'll say now, hang him Pirate.

IV.

Thou might'st have ta'ne example,
From what thou read'st in story;
Being as worthy to fit
On an ambling Tit
As thy Predecessor *Dory*.

V.

But Oh! the roof of Linnen,
Intended for a shelter!
But the Rain made an Afs

Of Tilt and Canvas;
And the Snow which you know is a Melter

VI.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender Stripling *Astcot*,
Who was soak'd to the Skin,
Through Drugget so thin,
Having neither Coat, nor Waistcoat.

VII.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in Cloak of *Plymouth*,
Defy'd Cart so base,
For Thief without Grace,
That goes to make a wry Mouth.

VIII.

Nor did he like the Omen,
For fear it might be his doom,
One day for to sing,

With Gullet in string,
A Hymn of *Robert Wisdom*.

IX.

But what was all this business?
For sure it was important:
For who rides i'th' wet
When affairs are not great,
The Neighbours make but a sport on't.

X.

To a goodly fat Sow's Baby,
O *John*, thou hadst a malice,
The old driver of Swine
That day sure was thine,
Or thou hadst not quitted *Calice*.

Natura Naturata.

WHat gives us that Fantastick Fit
That all our Judgment and our Wit,
To vulgar Custom we submit?

Treason, Theft, Murder, and all the rest
Of that foul Legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names exprest.

Why is it then thought Sin or Shame,
Those necessary Parts to name,
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, what e'er she wants, requires;
With Love enflaming our Desires,
Finds Engines fit to quench those Fires:

Death she abhors; yet when Men die,
We are present; but no Stander by
Looks on when we that Loss supply.

Forbidden Wares sell twice as dear;
Even Sack prohibited last Year,
A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our Eyes and Ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those Commodities the price.

Thus Reason's shadows us betray,
By Tropes and Figures led astray,
From Nature, both her Guide and Way.

SARPEDON'S *Speech to GLAUCUS in the*
12th of Homer.

Thus to *Glaucus* spake

Divine *Sarpedon*, since he did not find
Others, as great in Place, as great in Mind,
Above the rest, why is our Pomp, our Pow'r?
Our Flocks, our Herds, and our Possessions more?
Why all the Tributes Land and Sea affords
Heap'd in great Chargers, load our sumptuous boards
Our chearful Guests carowse the sparkling tears
Of the rich Grape, whilst Musick charms their Ears
Why as we pass, do those on *Xanthus* shore,
As Gods behold us, and as Gods adore?
But that as well in Danger, as Degree,
We stand the first; that when our *Licians* see
Our brave Examples, they admiring say,
Behold our Gallant Leaders! These are They

Deserve the Greatness; and un-envy'd stand:
Since what thy act, transcends what they command.
Could the declining of this Fate (Oh Friend)
Our Date to Immortality extend?
Or if Death fought not them, who seek not Death,
Would I advance? Or should my vainer breath
With such a Glorious Folly thee inspire?
But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,
Since Age, Disease, or some less noble End,
Though not less certain, doth our Days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this Period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest Path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common Sacrifice to Honour fall.

M A R.

*MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.**Out of an Epigram of Martial.*

PRithee die and set me free,
Or else be

Kind and Brisk, and Gay like me;
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not Cheeks, nor Lips, nor Eyes,
That I prize,
Quick Conceits, or sharp Replies,
If wise thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Prithee why the Room so dark?
Not a Spark

Left to light me to the Mark;
I love Day-light and a Candle,
And to see, and to see,
As well as handle.

Why so many Bolts and Locks,
Coats and Smocks,
And those Drawers with a Pox?
I could wish, could Nature make it,
Nakedness, Nakedness
It self were naked.

But if a Mistrefs I must have,
Wife and Grave,
Let her so her self behave
All the day long *Susan* Civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or such a Devil.

Friend-

Left

*Friendship and Single Life, against Love
and Marriage.*

I.

LOve! in what Poison is thy Dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding Heart?
None know, but they who feel the Smart.

II.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal Eyes (we find)
Dazle the Opticks of our Mind.

III.

Love to our Cittadel resorts,
Through those deceitful Sally-ports,
Our Sentinels betray our Forts.

IV.

What subtle Withcraft Man constrains,
To change his Pleasure into Pains,
And all his Freedom into Chains?

V. May

V.

May not a Prison, or a Grave,
Like Wedlock, Honour's title have?
That word makes Free-born Man a Slave.

VI.

How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither Hope nor Fear deceives,
To Fortune who no Hostage gives.

VII.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasie, finds at *Rome*,
At *Paris*, or *Madrid*, his Home.

VIII.

Secure from low, and private Ends,
His Life, his Zeal, his Wealth attends
His Prince, his Country, and his Friends.

IX. Can-

IX.

Danger, and Honour are his Joy ;
But a fond Wife, or wanton Boy,
May all those Generous Thoughts destroy.

X.

Then he lays by the publick Care,
Thinks of providing for an Heir ;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

XI.

Nor Fire, nor Foe, nor Fate, nor Night,
The *Trojan* Hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the Fight.

XII.

Though still his Foes in number grew,
Thicker their Darts and Arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no Fear he knew.

XIII.

But Death in all her forms appears,
From ev'ry thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he * bears.

XIV.

Love making all things else his Foes,
Like a fierce Torrent overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

XV.

This was the cause the Poets sung,
Thy Mother from the Sea was sprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

XVI.

Her Father, not her Son, art thou:
From our Desires our Actions grow;
And from the Cause th' Effect must flow.

XVII.

His Father and Son,

XVII.

Love is as old as Place or Time;
'Twas he the fatal Tree did climb,
Grandfire of Father *Adam's* Crime.

XVIII.

Well mayst thou keep this World in awe,
Religion, Wisdom, Honour, Law,
The Tyrant in his triumph draw.

XIX.

'Tis he commands the Pow'rs above;
Phæbus resigns his Darts, and *Jove*
His Thunder, to the God of Love.

XX.

To him doth his feign'd Mother yield,
Nor *Mars* (her Champion's) flaming Shield
Guards him, when *Cupid* takes the Field.

XXI. He

XXI.

He clips Hope's Wings, whose aery Bliss
Much higher than Fruition is;
But less than nothing, if it miss.

XXII.

When Matches Love alone projects,
The Cause transcending the Effects,
That Wild-fire's quencht in cold Neglects.

XXIII.

Whilst those Conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness dispossess,
By Perspectives of Interest.

XXIV.

Though *Solomon* with a thousand Wives,
To get a wife Successor strives,
But one (and he a Fool) survives.

XXV.

Old *Rome* of Children took no care,
They with their Friends their Beds did share,
Secure, t'adopt a hopeful Heir.

XXVI.

Love Drowfie Days, and Stormy Nights
Makes, and breaks Friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut our Appetites.

XXVII.

Well chosen Friendship, the most noble
Of Virtues, all our Joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

XXVIII.

But when th' unlucky knot we tye,
Care, Av'rice, Fear, and Jealousie
Make Friendship languish till it dye.

XXIX.

The Wolf, the Lion, and the Bear,
When they their Prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear.

XXX.

Yet timorous Deer, and harmless Sheep,
When Love into their Veins doth creep,
That Law of Nature cease to keep.

XXXI.

Who then can blame the Am'rous Boy,
Who the fair *Helen* to enjoy,
To quench his own, set Fire on *Troy*?

XXXII.

Such is the World's preposterous Fate,
Amongst all Creatures, mortal Hate
Love (though Immortal) doth Create.

XXXIII.

But Love may Beasts excuse, for they
 Their Actions not by Reason sway,
 But their Brute Appetites obey.

XXXIV.

But Man's that Savage Beast, whose Mind
 From Reason to Self-Love declin'd,
 Delights to prey upon his Kind.

On Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

His Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets

OLD *Chaucer*, like the Morning Star,
 To us discovers Day from far,
 His Light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
 Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
 But he descending to the Shades,
 Darknes again the Age invades.

Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* rose,
Whose Purple Blush the Day foreshews;
The other three, with his own Fires,
Phæbus, the Poets God, inspires;
By *Shakespear's*, *Johnson's*, *Fletcher's* Lines.
Our Stage's Lustre *Rome's* outshines:
These Poets near our Princes sleep,
And in one Grave their Mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till Time had blasted all their Bays;
But Cursed be the fatal Hour
That pluckt the fairest, sweetest Flow'r
That in the Muses Garden grew,
And amongst wither'd Laurels threw.
Time, which made them their Fame outlive,
To *Cawley* scarce did Ripeness give.
Old Mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespear and *Fletcher* all they have;

In *Spencer*, and in *Johnson*, Art,
Of flower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happy'st share;
To him no Author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor, with *Ben Johnson*, did make bold
To plunder all the *Roman* stores
Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his Wit, and *Virgil's* State,
He did not Steal, but Emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear:
He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,
Like *Jason* brought the Golden Fleece;
To him that Language (though to none
Of th'others) as his own was known,

On a stiff gale (as *Flaccus* † sings)
The *Theban* Swan extends his wings,
When through th'ætherial Clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our Swan doth rise;
Old *Pindar*'s Flights by him are reacht,
When on that Gale his wings are stretcht;
His Fancy and his Judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe Judgement (giving Law)
His modest Fancy kept in awe:
As rigid Husbands jealous are,
When they believe their Wives too fair.
His English Streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know.
But for his Latin Vein, so clear,
Strong, *full, and high it doth appear,

G 4

That

† His *Pindaricks*. * His last Works.

That were immortal *Virgil* here,
Him, for his Judge, he would not fear ;
Of that great Portraicture, so true
A Copy Pencil never drew.
My Muse her Song had ended here,
But both their *Genii* strait appear,
Joy and Amazement her did strike,
Two Twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise *Pythagoras*,
One Soul might through more Bodies pass.
Seeing such Transmigration there,
She thought it not a Fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,
Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the World this Parallel:
Fixt and Contemplative their Looks,
Still turning over Nature's Books:

Their

Their Works Chast, Moral, and Divine,
Where Profit and Delight combine ;
They gilding dirt, in noble Verse
Rustick Philosophy rehearse ;
When Heroes, Gods, or God-like Kings
They praise, on their exalted Wings,
To the Celestial Orbs they climb,
And with th' Harmonious Spheres keep time:
Nor did their Actions fall behind
Their Word, but with like candour shin'd,
Each drew fair Characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd, excels their own ;
Both by two generous Princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd :
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busie Throng retire.
Their Bodies to their Minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their Kind :

Yet

Yet though both fell before their hour,
 Time on their Off-spring hath no pow'r,
 Nor Fire, nor Fate their Bays shall blast,
 Nor Death's dark Vail their day o'recast.

A SPEECH *against* PEACE *at the close*
 COMMITTEE.

To the Tune of, *I went from England.*

BUT will you now to Peace incline,
 And Languish in the main Design,
 And leave us in the lurch?

I would not Monarchy destroy,
 But as the only way t'enjoy
 The Ruin of the Church.

Is not the Bishops Bill deny'd,
 And we still threatned to be try'd?

You see the King embraces
Those Councils he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promise, which is more,
That we shall have their Places.

Did I for this bring in the *Scot*?
(For 'tis no Secret) now the Plot
Was *Saye's* and mine together:
Did I for this return again,
And spend a Winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our Money than our Cause
Their Brotherly Assistance draws,
My Labour was not lost.
At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong Pretence,
And these shall quit the Cost.

Did I for this my County bring
To help their Knight against their King,
And raise the first Sedition?
Though I the Business did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole Design,
And sent them their Petition.

So many Nights spent in the City
In that invisible Committee,
The Wheel that governs all.
From thence the Change in Church and State,
And all the Mischief bear the date
From *Haberdashers* Hall,

Did we force *Ireland* to despair,
Upon the King to cast the War,
To make the World abhor him:

Because

Because the Rebels us'd his Name,
Though we our selves can do the same,
While both alike were for him?

Then the same Fire we kindled here
With that was given to quench it there,
And wisely lost that Nation:
To do as crafty Beggars use,
To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
The simple Man's Compassion.

Have I so often past between
Windsor and *Westminster*,
And did my self divide:
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the Law,
For they knew none beside?

Did

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous Ignorants to Preach,
And did their Lungs inspire,
Gave them their Texts, shew'd them their Parts,
And taught them all little their Arts,
To fling abroad the Fire?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
And say the Cavaliers are beaten,
To stroke the Peoples Ears;
Then streight when Victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raise the price of Fears.

And now the Books, and now the Bells,
And now our A&t the Preacher tells,
To edifie the People;

All our Divinity is News,
And we have made of equal use
The Pulpit and the Steeple.

And shall we kindle all this Flame
Only to put it out again,
And must we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this Mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If Men in Peace can have their Right,
Where's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both Law, and Oath?
They'll say they fight not for the Cause,
Nor to defend the King and Laws,
But as against them both.

Either

Either the Cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still ;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd ; or, which is worst,
That we our selves may err.

But Plague and Famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go asunder :
But while the wicked Starve, indeed
The Saints have ready at their need
God's Providence and Plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And Gallant Villains if we fail,
When to our Fame 'tis told ;

It will not be our least of Praise,
Sin' a new State we could not raise,
To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay and Fight, and Vote,
Till *London* is not worth a Groat ;
Oh 'tis a patient Beast !
When we have gall'd and tyr'd the Mule,
And can no longer have the Rule,
We'll have the Spoil at least.

*To the Five Members of the Honourable House
of Commons.*

The Humble Petition of the POETS.

After so many Concurring Petitions
From all Ages and Sexes, and all Conditions,
We come in the rear to present our Follies
To *Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, H. and H.*

H

Though

Though fet Form of *Prayer* be an *Abomination*,
Set forms of *Petitions* find great Approbation:
Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their Souls
So we from the depth and bottom of our *Bowls*,
According unto the blessed form you have taught us
We thank you first for the *Ills* you have brought us
For the *Good* we receive we thank him that gave it
And you for the Confidence only to crave it.
Next in course, we complain of the great *Violation*
Of *Privilege* (like the rest of our Nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being, until they were broken:
But ours is a *Privilege* Ancient and Native,
Hangs not on an *Ordinance*, or Power *Legislative*.
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please
Without fear of a *Prison* or *Pursuivants* Fees.
Next, that we only may *lye* by Authority,
But in that also you have got the Priority,

Next, an old Custom, our Fathers did name it
Poetical License, and always did claim it.

By this we have power to change Age into Youth,
Turn *Non-sense* to Sense, and Falshood to Truth;
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty,

This Art some *Poet*, or the *Devil* has taught ye:

And this our Property you have Invaded,

And a *Privilege* of both Houses have made it:

But that Trust above all in Poets reposed,

That *Kings* by them only are Made and Deposed,

This though you cannot do, yet you are willing:

But when we undertake Despoſing or Killing,

They're *Tyrants* and *Monsters*, and yet then the Poet

Takes full Revenge on the Villains that do it:

And when we resume a *Scepter* or a *Crown*,

We are Modest, and seek not to make it our own.

But is't not Presumption to write Verses to you,

Who make the better *Poems* of the two?

For all those pretty Knacks you compose,
Alas, what are they but *Poems* in Prose?
And between those and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the Rhime, the Wit and the Sense
But for lying (the most noble part of a *Poet*)
You have it abundantly, and your selves know it,
And though you are Modest and seem to abhor it,
'T has done you good service, and thank *Hell* for it
Although the old Maxim remains still in Force,
That a Sanctified Cause, must have a Sanctified Course
If Poverty be a part of our Trade,
So far the whole Kingdom *Poets* you have made,
Nay even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made *King Charles* himself a Poet:
But provoke not his Muse, for all the World knows
Already you have had too much of his *Prose*.

A Western Wonder.

DO you not know, not a Fortnight ago,
How they brag'd of a Western Wonder?
When a Hundred and Ten, flew five Thousand Men,
With the help of Lightning and Thunder?

There *Hopton* was Slain, again and again,
Or else my Author did lye;
With a new *Thanksgiving*, for the Dead who are Living,
To God, and his Servant *Chidleigh*.

But now on which side was this Miracle try'd,
I hope we at last are even;
For Sir *Ralph* and his Knaves are risen from their
To Cudgel the Clowns of *Devon*. [Graves,

And there *Stamford* came, for his Honour was Lam
Of the Gout three Months together;
But it prov'd, when they Fought, but a running Gout
For his Heels were lighter than ever.

For now he out-runs his Arms and his Guns,
And leaves all his Mony behind him.
But they follow after, unless he take Water,
At *Plymouth* again they will find him.

What *Reading* hath cost, and *Stamford* hath lost,
Goes deep in the Sequestrations;
These Wounds will not Heal, with your new Great
Nor *Jepson's* Declarations. [Seal]

Now, *Peters*, and *Cafe*, in your Prayer and Grace
Remember the new *Thanksgiving*;

Isaac

Isaac and his Wife, now Dig for your Life,
Or shortly you'll Dig for your Living.

A Second Western Wonder.

[Thunder
Y]ou heard of that Wonder, of the *Lightning* and
Which made the Lye so much the louder :
Now list to another, that Miracle's Brother,
Which was done with a *Firkin of Powder*.

Oh what a Damp it struck through the Camp !
But as for honest Sir *Ralph*,
It blew him to the *Vies*, without Beard, or Eyes,
But at least three Heads and a half.

[took
When out came the Book, which the *News-Monger*
From the *Preaching Ladies* Letter,
Where in the first place, stood the *Conqueror's* Face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now without lying, you may Paint him Flying,
At *Bristol* they say you may find him,
Great *William* the *Con*, so fast he did run,
That he left half his Name behind him.

And now came the Post, faves all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving,
By a trick so Stale, or else such a Tale
Might amount to a new *Thanksgiving*.

This made Mr. *Cafe*, with a pitiful Face,
In the Pulpit to fall a Weeping,
Though his Mouth utter'd *Lyes*, *Truth* fell from his ^[Eyes]
Which kept the Lord *Mayor* from Sleeping,

Now shut up Shops, and spend your last Drops,
For the Laws nor your Cause, you that loath'em
Left *Essex* should start, and play the *Second part*,
Of *Worshipful Sir John Hotbam*.

NEWS *from* COLCHESTER.

Or, *A Proper new Ballad of certain Carnal Passages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horshy near Colchester, in Essex.*

To the Tune of *Tom of Bedlam.*

I.

ALL in the Land of *Essex*,
Near *Colchester* the Zealous,
On the side of a Bank,
Was play'd such a Prank,
As would make a Stone-horse jealous.

II.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox* and *Naylor*,
For Brother *Green's* a Stallion:
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*?

III.

III.

Even to our whole Profession
A Scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talkt with disdain
Amongst the Profane,
How Brother *Green* was Mounted.

IV.

And in the Good time of Christmas,
Which though our Saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
E'er play'd such a Christmas Gambal?

V.

Had thy Flesh, O *Green*, been Pamper'd
With any Cates unhallow'd,
Hadst thou sweetned thy Gums
With Portage of Plums,
Or profane minc'd Pie hadst swallow'd:

VI.

Rol'd up in wanton Swine's-flesh,
The Fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fullness of Gut
Might have caus'd thee to Rut,
And the Devil have so Rid through thee.

VII.

But alas he had been feasted
With a Spiritual Collation,
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can Dine on a Prayer,
And sup on an Exhortation.

VIII.

'Twas meer impulse of Spirit,
Though he us'd the Weapon Carnal:
Filly Foal, quoth he,
My Bride thou shalt be:
And how this is Lawful, learn all.

IX.

IX.

For if no respect of Persons
Be due 'mongst Sons of *Adam*,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as a *Madam*.

X.

Then without more Ceremony,
Not Bonnet vail'd, nor kist her,
But took her by Force,
For Better for Worse,
And us'd her like a Sister.

XI.

Now when in such a Saddle
A Saint will needs be Riding,
Though we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some Back-sliding?

XII.

No surely, quoth *James Naylor*,
'Twas but an Infurrection
Of the Carnal Part,
For a Quaker in Heart
Can never lose Perfection.

XIII.

For (as our *Masters teach us)
The Intent being well Directed,
Though the Devil Trepan
The Adamical Man,
The Saint stands un-infected.

XIV.

But alas a Pagan Jury
Ne'er Judges what's intended;
Then say what we can,
Brother *Green's* outward Man
I fear will be suspended.

* *The Jesuits.*

XV.

XV.

And our Adopted Sister
 Will find no better quarter,
 But when him we inrol
 For a Saint, Filly Foal
 Shall pass her self for a Martyr.

XVI.

Rome, that Spiritual *Sodom*,
 No longer is thy debter,
 O *Colchester*, now
 Who's *Sodom* but thou,
 Even according to the Letter?

A S O N G.

M*Orpheus* the humble God, that Dwells
 In Cottages and smoaky Cells,
 Hates Gilded Roofs and Beds of Down;
 And though he fears no Prince's Frown,
 Flies from the circle of a Crown.

Come

Come, I say, thou pow'rful God,
And they Leaden charming Rod,
Dipt in the Læthean Lake,
O'er his wakeful Temples shake,
Left he should Sleep and never Wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest Foe?
Sleep that is thy best Repast,
Yet of Death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Works.

SO shall we joy, when all whom Beasts and Worms
Had turn'd to their own Substances and Forms,
Whom Earth to Earth, or Fire hath chang'd to Fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;

As

As now we do, to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's Resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own Race, more Wound
Hath suffer'd, than *Æteon* from his Hounds;
Which first their Brains, and then their Belly Fed
And from their Excrements new Poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged from her Urn
Like Ghosts of Murder'd Bodies does return
T' accuse the Murderers, to right the Stage
And undeceive the long abused Age,
Which casts thy Praise on them, to whom thy Wit
Gives not more Gold than they give Dross to it:
Who not content like Felons to purloin,
Add Treason to it, and debase the Coin.
But whither am I straid; I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other Mens Dispraise;
Nor is thy Fame on lesser Ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster Title the foul Guilt

Of Eastern Kings, who to secure their Reign,
Must have their Brothers, Sons and Kindred slain.
Then was Wits Empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a Thousand lesser Poets sprung,
Like petty Princes from the Fall of *Rome*;
When *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, and thy self did sit,
And sway'd in the Triumvirate of Wit——
Yet what from *Johnson's* Oyl and Sweat did flow,
Or what more easie Nature did bestow
On *Shakespear's* gentler Muse, in thee full grown
Their Graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mixt like th'Elements and Born like Twins,
So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,
None, this meer Nature, that meer Art can name:
Twas this the Antients meant; Nature and Skill
Are the two tops of their *Parnassus* Hill.

*To Sir RICHARD FRANSHAW, upon his
Translation of PASTOR FIDO*

SUch is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
That few but such as cannot Write, Translate.
But what in them is want of Art or Voice,
In thee is either Modesty or Choice.

While this great Piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand
Free from the blemish of an Artless Hand.

Secure of Fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less Honour to Create, than to Redeem.

Nor ought a Genius less than his that Writ,
Attempt Translation; for transplanted Wit,
All the defects of Air and Soil doth share,
And colder Brains like colder Climates are:
In vain they Toil, since nothing can beget
A vital Spirit but a vital Heat.

That servile Path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line.

Thou

Those are the labour'd Births of Slavish Brains,
Not the effect of Poetry, but Pains ;
Cheap vulgar Arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for Thoughts, but poorly sticks at Words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make Translations and Translators too.
They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame,
True to his Sense, but truer to his Fame.
Boording his Current, where thou find'st it low
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow ;
Wifely restoring whatsoever Grace
It lost by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place.
Nor fetter'd to his Numbers and his Times,
Betray'st his Musick to unhappy Rimes,
Nor are the Nerves of his compacted Strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unfinew'd length :
Yet after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy Spirit to his Circle dost confine.

New Names, new Dressings, and the Modern cast,
 Some Scenes, some Persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
 The World, it were thy Work; for we have known
 Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
 That Master's hand which to the Life can trace
 The Airs, the Lines, and Features of the Face,
 May with a Free and Bolder Stroke express
 A vary'd Posture, or a flatt'ring Dress;
 He could have made those like, who made the rest,
 But that he knew his own Design was best.

*A Dialogue between Sir JOHN POOLEY
 and Mr. THOMAS KILLIGREW.*

Pool. **T**O thee dear *Thom.* my self addressing,
 Most queremoniously Confessing,
 That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted Gravity,
I perpetrated Arts of Pravity,
In a contagious Concavity.

Making Efforts with all my Puissance,
For some Venereal Reiouissance,
I got (as one may say) a Nuyfance.

Kil. Come leave this fooling, Cousin *Pooley*,
And in plain English tell us truly
Why under th' Eyes you look so bluely?

'Tis not your hard Words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a Life Monastick,
And wore a Vest Ecclesiastick;
Now in your Age you grow Fantastick.

Pool. Without more Preface or Formality,
A Female of Malignant Quality
Sed fire on Label of Mortality.

The Faces of which Ulceration
Brought o'er the Helm a Distillation,
Through th' Instrument of Propagation.

Kil. Then Cousin, (as I guess the matter)
You have been an old Fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt Wind and Water.

Your Style has such an ill Complexion,
That from your Breath I fear Infection,
That even your Mouth needs an Injection.

You that were once so Oeconomick,
Quitting the thrifty Style Laconick,
Turn Prodigal in Makeronick.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send a
Person of Knowledge, who can mend a
Disaster in your nether end-a——

Whether it *Pullen* be or *Shanker*,
Cordee and Crooked like an Anchor,
Your Cure too costs you but a Spanker.

Or though your Pifs be sharp as Razor,
Do but confer with Dr. *Frazer*,
He'll make your Running Nag a Pacer.

Nor shall you need your Silver quick Sir,
Take *Mongo Murrey's Black Elixir*,
And in a Week it Cures your P——Sir.

But you that are a Man of Learning,
So read in *Virgil*, so discerning,
Methinks towards fifty should take warning.

Once in a Pit you did *miscarry,
That Danger might have made one wary;
This Pit is deeper than the Quarry.

Pool. Give

* Hunting near *Paris* he and his Horse fell into a Quarry.

Pool. Give me not such Disconsolation,
Having now cur'd my Inflammation,
To Ulcerate my Reputation.

Though it may gain the Ladies Favour,
Yet it may raise an evil Savour
Upon all grave and staid Behaviour.

And I will rub my *Mater Pia*,
To find a Rhyme to *Gonorrhoeia*,
And put it in my *Litania*.

*An Occasional Imitation of a Modern Author
upon the Game of Chés.*

A Tablet stood of that absterfive Tree,
Where *Æthiops* swarthy Bird did build her Nest,
Inlaid

Inlaid it was with *Libian* Ivory,

Drawn from the Jaws of *Africk's* prudent Beast.

Two Kings like *Saul*, much Taller than the rest,

Their equal Armies draw into the Field ;

Till one take th'other Prisoner they contest ;

Courage and Fortune must to Conduct yield.

This Game the *Persian Magi* did invent,

The force of Eastern Wisdom to express ;

From thence to busie *Europeans* sent,

And styl'd by *Modern Lumbards* Pensive Chesse.

Yet some that fled from *Troy* to *Rome* report,

Penthesilea Priam did oblige ;

Her *Amazons*, his *Trojans* taught this Sport,

To pass the tedious hours of ten years Siege.

There she presents her self, whilst King and Peers

Look gravely on whilst fierce *Bellona* fights ;

Yet Maiden Modesty her Motions steers,

Nor rudely skips o'er *Bishops* Heads like *Knights*.

The

The Passion of Dido for ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd *Jove's* Embassy,
 **Cyllenius* from *Aeneas* straight doth fly;
 He loth to disobey the God's Command,
 Nor willing to forsake this pleasant Land,
 Asham'd the kind *Eliza* to deceive,
 But more afraid to take a Solemn Leave;
 He many ways his lab'ring Thoughts revolves,
 But Fear o'ercoming Shame, at last resolves
 (Instructed by the *God of Thieves) to steal
 Himself away, and his Escape conceal.
 He calls his Captains, bids them Rigg the Fleet,
 That at the Port they privately should meet;
 And some dissembled Colour to project,
 That *Dido* should not their Design suspect:
 But all in vain he did his Plot disguise;
 No Art a watchful Lover can surprize.

* *Mercurii.*

She

She the first Motion finds; Love though most sure,
Yet always to it self seems unsecure;
That wicked Fame which their first Love proclaim'd
Fore-tells the End; the Queen with Rage inflam'd
Thus greets him, Thou Dissembler would'st thou fly
Out of my Arms by stealth perfidiously?
Could not the Hand I plighted, nor the Love,
Nor thee the Fate of dying *Dido* move?
And in the depth of Winter in the Night,
Dark as thy black Designs to take thy Flight,
To plow the Raging Seas to Coasts unknown,
The Kingdom thou pretend'st to not thine own;
Were *Troy* restor'd, thou shouldst mistrust a Wind
False as thy Vows, and as thy Heart unkind.
Fly'st thou from me? By these dear drops of Brine
I thee adjure, by that right Hand of thine,
By our Espousals, by our Marriage-bed,
If all my Kindness ought have merited;

If ever I stood fair in thy Esteem,
From Ruin, me, and my lost House redeem.
Cannot my Prayers a free acceptance find?
Nor my Tears soften an obdurate Mind?
My Fame of Chastity, by which the Skies
I reacht before, by thee extinguisht dies;
Into my Borders now *Iarbas* falls,
And my revengeful Brother scales my Walls;
The wild *Numidians* will advantage take,
For thee both *Tyre* and *Carthage* me forsake.
Hadst thou before thy Flight but left with me
A young *Aeneas*, who, resembling thee,
Might in my fight have sported, I had then
Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been;
By thee, no more my Husband, but my Guest,
Betray'd to mischiefs, of which Death's the least.
With fixed Looks he stands, and in his Breast
By *Jove's* Command his struggling Care suppress;
Great

Great Queen, your Favours and Deserts so great,
Though numberless, I never shall forget;
No Time, until my self I have forgot,
Out of my Heart *Eliza's* Name shall blot:
But my unwilling Flight the Gods inforce,
And that must justifie our sad Divorce;
Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit,
To my Desires I might my Fortune fit;
Troy to her ancient Splendour I would raise,
And where I first began, would end my Days;
But since the *Lycian* Lotts, and *Delphick* God
Have destin'd *Italy* for our Abode;
Since you proud *Carthage* (fled from *Tyre*) enjoy,
Why should not *Latium* us receive from *Troy*?
As for my Son, my Father's angry Ghost
Tells me his Hopes by my Delays are crost,
And mighty *Jove's* Ambassadour appear'd
With the same Message, whom I saw and heard;

We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
But much the more when all Complaints are vain;
I call to Witness all the Gods, and thy
Beloved Head, the Coast of *Italy*
Against my Will I seek.
Whilst thus he speaks, she rows her sparkling Eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;
Thy Mother was no Goddess, nor thy Stock
From *Dardanus*, but in some horrid Rock,
Perfidious Wretch, rough *Caucasus* thee Bred,
And with their Milk *Hircanian* Tygers fed.
Diffimulation I shall now forget,
And my Reserves of Rage in order set;
Could all my Prayers and soft Entreaties force
Sighs from his Breast, or from his Look Remorse.
Where shall I first complain? can Mighty *Jove*
Or *Juno* such Impieties approve?

The

The just *Astræa* sure is fled to Hell,
Nor more in Earth, nor Heav'n it self will dwell.
Oh Faith! him on my Coasts by Tempest cast,
Receiving madly, on my Throne I plac'd ;
His Men from Famine, and his Fleet from Fire
I rescu'd: Now the *Lycian Lotts* conspire
With *Phæbus* ; now *Jove's Envoyé* through the Air
Brings dismal Tydings, as if such low care
Could reach their Thoughts, or their Repose disturb;
Thou art a false Impostor, and a Fourbe ;
Go, go, pursue thy Kingdom through the Main,
I hope, if Heav'n her Justice still retain,
Thou shalt be Wrackt, or cast upon some Rock,
Where thou the Name of *Dido* shalt invoke;
I'll follow thee in Fun'ral Flames, when Dead
My Ghost shall thee attend at Board and Bed,
And when the Gods on thee their Vengeance show,
That welcome News shall comfort me below.

This

This saying, from his hated sight she fled;
Conducted by her Damfels to her Bed;
Yet restless she arose, and looking out,
Beholds the Fleet, and hears the Seamen shout:
When great *Aeneas* pass'd before the Guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah cruel Love! to what dost thou inforce
Poor Mortal Breasts? Again she hath recourse
To Tears, and Prayers, again she feels the smart
Of a fresh Wound from his Tyrannick Dart.
That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her Sister she her self apply'd:
Dear Sister, my Resentment hath not been
So moving, if this Fate I had fore-seen;
Therefore to me this last kind Office do,
Thou hast some Int'rest in our scornful Foe,
He trusts to thee the Counfels of his Mind,
Thou his soft Hours, and free access canst find;

K

Tell

Tell him I sent not to the *Ilian* Coast
My Fleet to aid the *Greeks*; his Father's Ghost
I never did disturb; ask him to lend
To this, the last Request that I shall send,
A gentle Ear; I wish that he may find
A happy Passage, and a prosp'rous Wind.
That Contract I not plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd Conquest be delay'd;
All that I ask, is but a short Reprieve,
Till I forget to Love, and learn to Grieve;
Some Pause and Respite only I require,
Till with my Tears I shall have quencht my Fire.
If thy Address can but obtain one day
Or two, my Death that Service shall repay.
Thus she intreats; such Messages with Tears
Condoling *Anne* to him, and from him bears;
But him no Prayer's, no Arguments can move,
The Fates resist, his Ears are stopt by *Jove*:

As when fierce Northern Blasts from th' *Alpes* descend,
From his firm Roots with struggling Gusts to rend
An Aged sturdy Oak, the ratling Sound
Grows loud, with Leafs and scatter'd Arms the Ground
Is over-laid; yet he stands fixt, as high
As his proud Head is rais'd towards the Sky,
So low tow'rd Hell his Roots descend. With Pray'rs
And Tears the *Hero* thus assail'd, great Cares
He smothers in his Breast, yet keeps his Post,
All their Addresses and their Labour lost.
Then she deceives her Sister with a Smile,
Anne in the Inner Court erect a Pile,
Thereon his Arms and once lov'd Portraict lay,
Thither our fatal Marriage-bed convey;
All curst Monuments of him with Fire
We must abolish (so the Gods require.)
She gives her Credit, for no worse effect
Than from *Sichæus* Death she did suspect,

And her Commands obeys.

Aurora now had left *Tithonus* Bed,

And o'er the World her blushing Rays did spread;

The Queen beheld, as soon as Day appear'd,

The Navy under Sail, the Heaven clear'd;

Thrice with her Hand her Naked Breast she knocks,

And from her Forehead tears her Golden Locks.

O *Jove*, she cry'd, and shall he thus delude

Me and my Realm! why is he not pursu'd?

Arm, Arm, she cry'd, and let our *Tyrians* Board

With ours his Fleet, and carry Fire and Sword;

Leave nothing unattempted to destroy

That perjur'd Race, then let us dye with joy;

What if th' event of War uncertain were,

Nor Death, nor Danger, can the desp'rate fear?

But oh too late! this thing I should have done,

When first I plac'd the Traitor on my Throne.

Behold the Faith of him who fav'd from Fire
His honour'd Household Gods, his Aged Sire
His pious Shoulders from *Troy's* Flames did bear;
Why did I not his Carcase piece-meal tear,
And cast it in the Sea? why not destroy
All his Companions, and beloved Boy
Ascanius? and his tender Limbs have Drest,
And made the Father on the Son to Feast?
Thou Sun, whose Lustre all things here below
Surveys; and *Juno*, conscious of my woe;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen *Hecate*,
Receive and grant my Pray'r! If he the Sea
Must needs escape, and reach th' *Ausonian* Land,
If *Jove* decree it, *Jove's* Decree must stand;
When Landed, may he be with Arms oppress'd
By his Rebelling People, be distress'd
By Exile from his Country, be divorc'd
From young *Ascanius* fight, and be enforc'd

To implore Foreign Aids, and lose his Friends
By violent and undeserved Ends:

When to Conditions of unequal Peace
He shall submit, then may he not possess
Kingdom nor Life, and find his Funeral
I' th' Sands, when he before his day shall fall:
And ye, oh *Tyrians*, with immortal Hate
Pursue this Race, this Service Dedicate
To my deplored Ashes; let there be
'Twixt us and them no League nor Amity.

May from my Bones a new *Achilles* rise,
That shall infest the *Trojan* Colonies
With Fire, and Sword, and Famine, when at length
Time to our great Attempts contributes Strength;
Our Seas, our Shores, our Armies theirs oppose,
And may our Children be for ever Foes.

A ghastly Palenefs Death's approach portends,
Then trembling she the fatal Pile ascends;

Viewing the *Trojan* Reliques, she unsheath'd
The *Aeneas* Sword, not for that use bequeath'd:
Then on the Guilty Bed she gently lays
Her self, and softly thus lamenting Prays;
Dear Reliques, whilst that Gods and Fates give leave,
Free me from Care, and my glad Soul receive;
That date which Fortune gave I now must end,
And to the Shades a noble Ghost descend;
Sichæus Blood, by his false Brother spilt,
I have reveng'd, and a proud City built;
Happy, alas! too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the *Trojan* on my Coast arriv'd;
But shall I dye without revenge? yet dye
Thus, thus with Joy to thy *Sychæus* fly.
My conscious Foe my Funeral Fire shall view
From Sea, and may that Omen him pursue.
Her fainting Hand let fall the Sword besmear'd
With Blood, and then the mortal Wound appear'd,

Through all the Court the Fright and Clamours rise,
Which the whole City fills with Fears and Cries,
As loud as if her *Carthage*, or old *Tyre*
The Foe had entred, and had set on Fire:
Amazed *Anne* with speed ascends the Stairs,
And in her Arms her dying Sister rears:
Did you for this, your self, and me beguile?
For such an end did I erect this Pile?
Did you so much despise me, in this Fate
My self with you not to associate?
Your self and me, alas! this fatal Wound
The Senate, and the People, doth Confound.
I'll wash her Wound with Tears, and at her Death,
My Lips from hers shall draw her parting Breath.
Then with her Vest the Wound she wipes and dries;
Thrice with her Arm the Queen attempts to rise,
But her Strength failing, falls into a Swoond,
Life's last efforts yet striving with her Wound;

Thrice

Thrice on her Bed she turns, with wandring fight
Seeking, she groans when she beheld the Light.
Then *Juno* pitying her disastrous Fate,
Sends *Iris* down, her Pangs to mitigate.
(Since if we fall before th'appointed day,
Nature and Death continue long their Fray.)
Iris Descends; This Fatal Lock (says she)
To *Pluto* I bequeath, and set thee free;
Then clips her Hair: Cold Numness strait bereaves
Her Corps of Sense, and th' Air her Soul receives.

A

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

Following Translation.

GOing this last Summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an Ancient and Honourable Friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) Retirement with the Latin Original of this Translation, which (being out of Print) I had never seen before: when I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two Learned hands, not without approbation; which were Ben Johnson, and Sir Kenelme Digby; but I found it, (where I shall never find my self) in the service of a better Master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the Honour of the Living, by impairing that of the Dead; and my own Profession hath taught me, not to erect new Superstructions upon an old Ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my Companion at the Wells, where I lik'd the Entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obso-

obsolete English Disguise, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new Vest for it, as I could.

The Author was a Person of Quality in Italy, his Name Mancini, which Family matched since with the Sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was Co-temporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso; which shews, that the Age they lived in, was not so unlearned, as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The Author writ upon the four Cardinal Virtues, but I have Translated only the two first, not to turn the Kindness I intended to him into an Injury; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last Virtues are but descendants from the first; Prudence being the true Mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the Child of Justice.

Of

Of PRUDENCE.

Wisdom's first Progress is, to take a view
What's decent or undecent, false or true.
He's truly Prudent, who can separate
Honest from Vile, and still adhere to that;
Their difference to measure, and to reach,
Reason well rectify'd must Nature teach.
And these high Scrutinies are subjects fit
For Man's all-searching and enquiring Wit;
That search of Knowledge did from *Adam* flow;
Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to show.
Wisdom of what her self approves, makes Choice,
Nor is led Captive by the Common Voice.
Clear-sighted Reason Wisdom's Judgment leads,
And Sense, her Vassal, in her Footstoops treads.
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know;
To thee all her specifick Forms I'll show;

He

He that the way to Honesty will learn,
First what's to be avoided must discern.
Thy self from flatt'ring Self-conceit defend,
Now what thou dost not know, to know pretend.
Some Secrets deep in abstruse Darknes lye;
To search them, thou wilt need a piercing Eye.
Not rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'st repent;
Study and Time in these must thee instruct,
And others old Experience may conduct.
Wisdom her self her Ear doth often lend
To Counsel offer'd by a faithful Friend.
In equal Scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'st chuse safely that which most doth weigh;
'Tis not secure, this Place, or that to guard,
If any other Entrance stand unbarr'd;
He that escapes the Serpents Teeth, may fail,
If he himself secure not from his Tail.

Who

Who faith, who could such ill Events expect?
With shame on his own Counfels doth reflect.
Most in the World doth Self-conceit deceive,
Who Just and Good, what e'er they act, believe;
To their Wills wedded, to their Errors Slaves,
No Man (like them) they think himself behaves.
This stiff-neckt Pride, nor Art, nor Force, can bend
Nor high-flown Hopes to Reason's Lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their Childrens Faults regard
With Pleasure, and their Crimes with Gifts reward.
Ill Painters when they draw, and Poets write,
Virgil and *Titian*, (self admiring) flight;
Then all they do, like Gold and Pearl appears,
And others Actions are but Dirt to theirs;
They that so highly think themselves above
All other Men, themselves can only love;
Reason and Virtue, all that Man can boast
O'er other Creatures, in those Brutes are lost.

Observe (if thee this fatal Errour touch,
Thou to thy self contributing too much)
Those who are Generous, Humble, Just and Wise,
Who nor their Gold, nor themselves Idolize;
To form thy self by their Example, learn,
(For many Eyes can more than one discern)
But yet beware of Counsels when too full,
Number makes long Disputes and Graveness dull;
Though their Advice be good, their Counsel wise,
Yet Length still loses Opportunities :
Debate destroys Dispatch; as Fruits we see
Rot, when they hang too long upon the Tree;
In vain that Husbandman his Seed doth sow,
If he his Crop not in due Season mow.
A Gen'ral sets his Army in Array
In vain, unless he Fight, and win the Day.
'Tis Virtuous Action that must Praise bring forth,
Without which, slow Advice is little worth.

Yet

Yet they who give good Counsel, Praise deserve,
Though in the active part they cannot serve:
In Action, Learned Counsellors their Age,
Profession, or Disease, forbids t'ingage.
Nor to Philosophers is Praise deny'd,
Whose wise Instructions After-ages guide;
Yet vainly most their Age in Study spend;
No end of writing Books, and to no end:
Beating their Brains for strange and hidden things,
Whose Knowledge, nor Delight, nor Profit brings;
Themselves with doubts both Day and Night perplex,
Nor Gentle Readers Please, or Teach, but Vex.
Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For Wisdom, Piety, Delight, or Use.
What need we gaze upon the spangled Sky?
Or into Matters hidden Causes pry?
To describe ev'ry City, Stream, or Hill
I'th' World, our Fancy with vain Arts to fill?

What

What is't to hear a Sophifter, that pleads,
Who by the Ears the deceiv'd Audience leads?
If we were Wise, these things we should not mind,
But more Delight in easie matters find.
Learn to Live well, that thou may'st Dye so too;
To Live and Dye is all we have to do:
The way (if no Digression's made) is ev'n,
And free Access, if we but ask, is giv'n.
Then seek to know those things which make us blest,
And having found them, lock them in thy Breast;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
But mend thy Pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole Age in these Enquiries wast,
And dye like Fools before one step they past;
Tis strange to know the way, and not t'advance,
That Knowledge is far worse than Ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And standing still themselves, make others go.

In vain on Study time away we throw,
When we forbear to Act the things we know.
The Soldier that Philosopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the Schools declaim'd;
Tell (said the Soldier) venerable Sir,
Why all these Words, this Clamour, and this Stir?
Why do Disputes in wrangling spend the day?
Whilst one says only Yea, and t'other Nay.
Oh, said the Doctor, we for Wisdom toil'd,
For which none toils too much: the Soldier smil'd;
You're Gray and Old, and to some Pious use
This Mass of Treasure you should now reduce:
But you your Store have hoarded in some Bank,
For which th' Infernal Spirits shall you thank.
Let what thou learnest be by Practice shown,
Tis said that Wisdom's Children make her known.
What's good doth open to th' Enquirer stand,
And it self offers to th' accepting Hand;

All things by Order and true Measure's done,
Wisdom will end, as well as she begun.
Let early care thy main Concerns secure,
Things of less moment may Delays endure:
Men do not for their Servants first prepare,
And of their Wives and Children quit the Care;
Yet when we're sick the Doctor's fetcht in hast,
Leaving our great Concernment to the last.
When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not) to be Rich, or Great;
What shall become of all that we have got;
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a Moments Breath,
Laid in the Scale with everlasting Death?
What's Time, when on Eternity we think?
A thousand Ages in that Sea must sink;
Time's nothing but a Word, a Million
Is full as far from Infinite as one.

To whom thou much dost owe, thou much must pay
Think on the Debt against th' accompting-day;
God who to thee Reason and Knowledge lent,
Will ask how these two Talents have been spent.
Let not low Pleasures thy high Reason blind,
He's Mad, that seeks what no Man e'er could find.
Why should we fondly please our Sense, wherein
Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of Sin?
What Thoughts Man's Reason better can become,
Than th'expectation of his welcome Home?
Lords of the World have but for Life their Lease,
And that too, (if the Lessor please) must cease.
Death cancels Natures Bonds, but for our Deeds
(That Debt first paid) a strict account succeeds;
If here not clear'd, no Suretyship can Bail
Condemned Debtors from th'Eternal Goal;
Christ's Blood's our Balsom, if that cure us here,
Him, when our Judge, we shall not find severe;

His Yoke is easie when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our Necks 'tis cast.
Be just in all thy Actions, and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy Mind;
If ought obstruct thy Course, yet stand not still,
But wind about, till thou have topp'd the Hill;
To the same End Men sev'ral Paths may tread,
As many Doors into one Temple lead;
And the same Hand into a Fist may close,
Which instantly a Palm expanded shows:
Justice and Faith never forsake the Wise,
Yet may Occasion put him in Disguise;
Not turning like the Wind, but if the state
Of things must change, he is not obstinate;
Things past, and future, with the present weighs,
Nor credulous of what Vain Rumour says:
Few things by Wisdom are at first believ'd,
An easie Ear deceives, and is deceiv'd;

For many Truths have often past for Lies,
And Lies as often put on Truths Disguise:
As Flattery too oft like Friendship shows,
So them who speak plain Truth we think our Foes.
No quick Reply to dubious Questions make,
Suspence and Caution still prevent Mistake.
When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the Means, the Manner, and the End:
All great Concernments must Delays endure;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure;
And if uncertain thy Pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out Uncertainty;
But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
E'er they begin let thy Pretensions end.
Let thy Discourse be such, that thou may'st give
Profit to others, or from them receive:
Instruct the Ignorant; to those that live
Under thy care, good Rules and Patterns give;

Nor is't the least of Virtues, to relieve
Those whom Afflictions or Oppressions grieve.
Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love:
But less Condemn whom thou dost not approve;
Thy Friend, like Flattery, too much Praise doth wrong,
And too Sharp Censure shews an evil Tongue:
But let inviolate Truth be always dear
To thee, even before Friendship, Truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'st to give, still promise less;
Hold fast the Pow'r, thy Promise to increase:
Look forward what's to come, and back what's past,
Thy life will be with Praise and Prudence grac'd:
What loss, or gain may follow thou may'st guess,
Thou then wilt be secure of the success;
Yet be not always on Affairs intent,
But let thy Thoughts be easie, and unbent;
When our Minds Eyes are dis-ingag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and distinctly see;

They quicken Sloth, Perplexities unty,
Make Roughness smooth, and Hardness mollify;
And though our Hands from Labour are releas'd,
Yet our Minds find (even when we sleep) no Rest.
Search not to find how other Men offend,
But by that Glass thy own Offences mend;
Still seek to Learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be Learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own Actions, others Judgments learn,
Often by small, great Matters we discern:
Youth, what Mans Age is like to be doth shew;
We may our Ends by our Beginnings know.
Let none direct thee what to do or say,
Till thee thy Judgment of the Matter sway;
Let not the pleasing many thee Delight,
First Judge, if those whom thou dost please, Judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid;

Nor climb on Pyramids, which thy head turns round
Standing, and whence no safe Descent is found:
In vain his Nerves and Faculties he strains
To rise, whose raising unsecure remains:
They whom Desert and Favour forwards thrust,
Are Wise, when they their Measures can adjust.
When well at Ease, and Happy, live content,
And then consider why that Life was lent;
When Wealthy, shew thy Wisdom not to be
To Wealth a Servant, but make Wealth serve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
Which nor a Witness, nor a Judge might know.
The highest Hill is the most slipp'ry place,
And Fortune mocks us with a smiling Face;
And her unsteady Hand hath often plac'd
Men in high Pow'r, but seldom holds them fast;
Against her then her Forces Prudence joins,
And to the Golden Mean her self confines.

More

More in Prosperity is Reason tost,
Than Ships in Storms, their Helms and Anchors lost;
Before fair Gales not all our Sails we bear,
But with side Winds into safe Harbours steer;
More Ships in Calms on a deceitful Coast,
Or unseen Rocks, than in high Storms are lost.
Who casts out threats and frowns, no Man deceives,
Time for Resistance and Defence he gives;
But Flatt'ry still in sugar'd Words betrays,
And Poison in high tasted Meats conveys;
So Fortune's Smiles unguarded Man surprize,
But when she Frowns, he Arms, and her defies.

Of JUSTICE.

'TIS the first Sanction Nature gave to Man,
Each other to assist in what they can;
Just or Unjust, this Law for ever stands,
All things are good by Law which she commands;

The

The first step, Man tow'rd's Christ must justly live,
Who t'us himself, and all we have did give;
In vain doth Man the Name of Just expect,
If his Devotions he to God neglect;
So must we reverence God, as first to know
Justice from him, not from our selves doth flow;
God those accepts who to Mankind are Friends,
Whose Justice far as their own Power extends;
In that they imitate the Pow'r Divine,
The Sun alike on Good and Bad doth shine;
And he that doth no Good, although no Ill,
Does not the office of the Just fulfil.
Virtue doth Man to virtuous Actions steer,
Tis not enough that he should Vice forbear;
We live not only for our selves to care,
Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.
Wise *Plato* said, the World with Men was stor'd,
That Succour each to other might afford;

Nor

Nor are those Succours to one fort confin'd,
But sev'ral parts to sev'ral Men consign'd;
He that of his own Stores no part can give,
May with his Counfel or his Hands relieve.
If Fortune make thee Pow'rful, give Defence
'Gainst Fraud, and Force, to naked Innocence:
And when our Justice doth her Tributes pay,
Method and Order must direct the way:
First to our God we must with Reverence Bow,
The second Honour to our Prince we owe;
Next to Wives, Parents, Children, fit Respect,
And to our Friends and Kindred we direct:
Then we must those, who groan beneath the weight
Of Age, Disease, or Want, commiserate:
'Mongst those whom honest Lives can recommend,
Our Justice more Compassion should extend;
To such, who thee in some Distress did aid,
Thy Debt of Thanks with Int'rest should be paid:

As

As *Hesiod* sings, spread Waters o'er thy Field,
And a most just and glad Increase 'twill yield;
But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,
Mischief and Wrong be to another done;
Such Moderation with thy Bounty join,
That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine;
That Liberality is but cast away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
And no access to Wealth let Rapine bring;
Do nothing that's not Just, to be a King.
Justice must be from Violence exempt,
But Fraud's her only Object of Contempt.
Fraud in the Fox, Force in the Lion dwells;
But Justice both from Human Hearts expels;
But he's the greatest Monster (without doubt)
Who is a Wolf within, a Sheep without;
Nor only ill Injurious Actions are,
But evil Words and Slanders bear their share.

Truth

Truth Justice loves, and Truth Injustice fears,
Truth above all things a Just Man reveres:
Though not by Oaths we God to Witness call,
He sees and hears, and still remembers all;
And yet our Attestations we may wrest,
Sometimes to make the Truth more manifest;
If by a Lye a Man preserve his Faith,
He Pardon, Leave, and Absolution hath;
Or if I break my Promise, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy Trust conceal,
Nor what's forbid by any means Reveal.
Express thy self in plain, not doubtful words,
That, ground for Quarrels or Disputes affords:
Unless thou find occasion, hold thy Tongue,
Thy self or others, careless Talk may wrong.
When thou art called into publick Pow'r,
And when a crowd of Suitors throng thy Door,

Be sure no great Offenders 'scape their dooms,
Small praise from Lenity, and Remifness comes:
Crimes pardon'd, others to those Crimes invite,
Whilst Lookers on, fevere Examples fright:
When by a pardon'd Murderer Blood is spilt,
The Judge that pardon'd, hath the greateft Guilt;
Who accufe Rigour, make a grofs miftake,
One Criminal pardon'd, may an hundred make;
When Juftice on Offenders is not done,
Law, Government, Commerce, are overthrow'n;
As befieg'd Traitors with the Foe confpire,
T' unlock the Gates, and fet the Town on Fire.
Yet let the Punifhment th'Offence exceed,
Juftice with Weight and Meafure muft proceed:
Yet when pronouncing Sentence, feem not glad,
Such Spectacles, though they are Juft, are Sad;
Though what thou doft, thou ought'ft not to Repent,
Yet Human Bowels cannot but relent;

Rather

Rather than all must suffer, some must dye;
Yet Nature must condole their Misery ;
And yet if Many equal Guilt involve,
Thou may'st not these Condemn, and those Absolve
Justice, when equal Scales she holds, is Blind,
Nor Cruelty, nor Mercy, change her Mind;
When some escape for that which others dye,
Mercy to those, to these is Cruelty.

A fine and slender Net the Spider weaves,
Which little and light Animals receives ;
And if she catch a common Bee or Fly,
They with a piteous Groan and Murmur dye ;
But if a Wasp or Hornet she entrap,
They tear her Cords like *Samson*, and escape;
So like a Fly the poor Offender dies ;
But like the Wasp, the Rich escapes, and flies.
Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The Punishment beyond the Crime extend ;

Or after warning the Offence forget;
So God himself our Failings doth remit.
Expect not more from Servants than is Just,
Reward them well, if they observe their Trust,
Nor them with Cruelty or Pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our Brothers made;
If his Offence be great, let that suffice;
If light, forgive, for no Man's always Wise.

M

THE

T H E
P R E F A C E.

M*Y* early Mistress, now my Antient Muse,
That strong Circean Liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my Youth,
Now sloop with dis-enchanting Wings to Truth;
As the Doves flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the Golden Bough;
Tell (like a Tall Old Oak) how Learning Shoots
To Heav'n her Branches, and to Hell her Roots.

The Progress of LEARNING.

WHen God from Earth form'd *Adam* in the East,
He his own Image on the Clay imprest;
As Subjects then the whole Creation came,
And from their Natures *Adam* them did Name,
Not from Experience, (for the World was new)
He only from their Cause their Natures knew.
Had Memory been lost with Innocence,
We had not known the Sentence nor th'Offence,
'Twas his chief Punishment to keep in Store
The sad Remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending Part felt mortal Pain,
Th immortal Part its Knowledge did retain.
After the Flood, Arts to *Chaldaea* fell,
The Father of the Faithful there did dwell,
Who both their Parent and Instructor was;
From thence did Learning into *Aegypt* pass:

Moses in all th' *Ægyptian* Arts was skill'd,
When Heav'nly Pow'r that chosen Vessel fill'd;
And we to his High Inspiration owe,
That what was done before the Flood, we know.
From *Ægypt*, Arts their Progress made to *Greece*,
Wrapt in the Fable of the Golden Fleece.
Museus first, then *Orpheus* Civilize
Mankind, and gave the World their Deities;
To many Gods they taught Devotion,
Which were the distinct Faculties of one;
The Eternal cause, in their immortal Lines
Was taught, and Poets were the first Divines:
God *Moses* first, then *David* did inspire,
To compose Anthems for his Heav'nly Quire;
To th'one the Style of Friend he did impart,
On th'other stamp't the likeness of his Heart:
And *Moses*, in the Old Original,
Ev'n God the Poet of the World doth call.

Next those old *Greeks*, *Pythagoras* did rise,
Then *Socrates*, whom th'Oracle call'd Wife;
The Divine *Plato* Moral Virtue shows,
Then his Disciple *Aristotle* rose,
Who Natures Secrets to the World did teach,
Yet that great Soul our Novelists impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that Field with Weeds,
While Sects, like Locusts, did destroy the Seeds;
The Tree of Knowledge blasted by Disputes,
Produces sapless Leaves instead of Fruits;
Proud *Greece*, all Nations else *Barbarians* held,
Boasting her Learning all the World excell'd.
Flying from thence, * to *Italy* it came,
And to the Realm of *Naples* gave the Name,
Till both their Nation and their Arts did come
A welcome Trophy to Triumphant *Rome*;
Then wheresoe'er her Conqu'ring Eagles fled,
Arts, Learning, and Civility were spread;

* Gracia Major.

And as in this our *Microcosm*, the Heart
Heat, Spirit, Motion gives to ev'ry part;
So *Rome's* Victorious Influence did disperse
All her own Virtues through the Universe.
Here some Digression I must make, t' accuse
Thee, my forgetful, and ingrateful Muse:
Couldst thou from *Greece* to *Latium* take thy Flight,
And not to thy great Ancestor do right?
I can no more believe Old *Homer* Blind,
Than those, who say the Sun hath never shin'd;
The Age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want Sight, who taught the World to see:
They who *Minerva* from *Jove's* Head derive,
Might make Old *Homer's* Skull the Muses Hive;
And from his Brain, that *Helicon* Distil,
Whose Racy Liquor did his Off-spring fill.
Nor old *Anacreon*, *Hesiod*, *Theocrite*
Must we forget, nor *Pindar's* lofty Flight,

Old *Homer's* Soul at last from *Greece* retir'd;
 In *Italy* the *Mantuan* Swain inspir'd.
 When Great *Augustus* made Wars Tempests cease,
 His *Halcyon* days brought forth the Arts of Peace;
 He still in his Triumphant Chariot shines,
 By *Horace* drawn, and *Virgil's* mighty Lines.
 'Twas certainly mysterious * that the Name
 Of Prophets and of Poets is the same;
 What the *Tragedian* wrote, † the late success
 Declares was Inspiration, and not Guess:
 As dark a Truth that Author did unfold,
 As Oracles, or Prophets e'er fore-told:
 At last the Ocean shall unlock ∴ the Bound
 Of things, and a New World by Typhis found,
 Then Ages far remote shall understand
 The Isle of Thule is not the farthest Land.

M 4

Sure

* Vates. † Seneca. ∴ The Prophecy.

Sure God, by these Discov'ries, did design
That his clear Light through all the World ^{[Shine,} should
But the Obstruction from that Discord springs
The Prince of Darknefs makes'twixt Christan Kings;
That peaceful Age, with Happinefs to Crown,
From Heav'n the Prince of Peace himself came down.
Then the true Son of Knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark Myfterious Clouds were clear'd,
The heavy Cause of th'old accursed Flood
Sunk in the facred Deluge of his Blood.
His Passion, Man from his first Fall, redeem'd;
Once more to Paradice restor'd we seem'd;
Satan himself was bound, till th'Iron Chain
Our Pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the Old Sting remain'd, and Man began
To tempt the Serpent, as he tempted Man;
Then Hell sends forth her Furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisie their Guide;
Though

Though the Foundation on a Rock were laid,
The Church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the *Apostles* these Events foretold,
Yet even the Shepherd did devour the Fold:
The Fisher to convert the World began,
The Pride convincing of vain-glorious Man;
But soon, his Follower grew a Sov'rain Lord,
And *Peter's* Keys exchange'd for *Peter's* Sword,
Which still maintains for his adopted Son
Vast Patrimonies, though himself had none;
Wresting the Text to the old Gyants Sense,
That Heav'n, once more, must suffer Violence.
Then subtle Doctors, Scriptures made their prize,
Casuists, like Cocks, struck out each others Eyes;
Then dark Distinctions Reasons Light disguis'd,
And into Atoms Truth Anatomiz'd.
Then *Mahomet's* Crescent by our fewds encreast,
Blasted the learn'd Remainers of the East:

That

That Project, when from *Greece* to *Rome* it came,
Made Mother Ignorance Devotion's Dame;
Then, He whom *Lucifer's* own Pride did swell,
His faithful Emissary, rose from Hell
To possess *Peter's* Chair, that *Hildebrand*
Whose Foot on Miters, then on Crowns did stand,
And before that exalted Idol, all
(Whom we call Gods on Earth) did prostrate fall.
Then Darkness *Europe's* Face did over-spread,
From lazy Cells, where Superstition bred,
Which, link'd with Blind Obedience, so encreast
That the whole World, some Ages, they oppress;
Till through those Clouds the Sun of Knowledge brake,
And *Europe* from her Lethargy did wake:
Then, first our Monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their Churches Nursing-Fathers were.
When *Lucifer* no longer could advance
His Works on the false Ground of Ignorance,

New Arts he tries, and new Designs he lays,
Then his well-study'd Master-piece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin he inspires,
And kindles, with infernal Flames, their Fires,
Sends their Fore-runner (conscious of th'event)
Printing, his most pernicious Instrument:
Wild Controversie then, which long had slept,
Into the Prefs from ruin'd Cloysters leapt;
No longer by Implicit Faith we err,
Whilst ev'ry Man's his own Interpreter;
No more conducted now by *Aaron's* Rod,
Lay-Elders, from their Ends, create their God.
But seven Wise Men the Ancient World did know,
We scarce know seven, who think themselves not so.
When Man learn'd undefil'd Religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery Disputes that Union have calcin'd,
Almost as many Minds as Men we find,

And

And when that Flame finds combustible Earth,
Thence *Fatuns* Fires, and Meteors take their Birth,
Legions of Sects, and Insects come in throngs ;
To name them all would tire a hundred Tongues.
So were the Centaures of *Ixion's* Race,
Who a bright Cloud for *Juno* did embrace ;
And such the Monsters of *Chimera's* kind,
Lions before, and Dragons were behind.
Then from the clashes between Popes and Kings,
Debate, like sparks from Flints collision, springs ;
As *Jove's* loud Thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
The like, our Cyclops, on their Anvils, beat ;
All the Rich Mines of Learning ranfackt are,
To furnish Ammunition for this War :
Uncharitable Zeal our Reason whets,
And double Edges on our Passion sets ;
Tis the most certain sign, the World's accurst,
That the best things corrupted, are the worst ;

'Twas

'Twas the corrupted Light of knowledge, hurl'd
Sin, Death, and Ignorance o'er all the World;
That Sun like this, (from which our fight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, resumes the Light he gave;
And when thick mists of Doubts obscure his beams,
Our Guide is Errour, and our Visions, Dreams;
'T was no false Heraldry, when Madnefs drew
Her Pedigree from those, who too much Knew;
Who in deep Mines, for hidden Knowledge toyls,
Like Guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils;
When subtle Wits have spun their Thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like *Arachnes* line:
True Piety, without cessation tost
By *Theories*, the Practick part is lost,
And like a Ball bandy'd 'twixt Pride and Wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the Prize will quit,
Then whilst his Foe each Gladiator foils,
The Atheist looking on, enjoys the Spoils.

Through

Through Seas of Knowledge we our Course advance,
Discov'ring still new Worlds of Ignorance;
And these Discov'ries make us all confess
That sublunary Science is but Guess,
Matters of Fact to Man are only known,
And what seems more, is meer Opinion;
The Standers by see clearly this Event,
All Parties say they're sure, yet all dissent;
With their new Light our bold Inspectors press
Like *Cham*, to shew their Fathers Nakedness,
By whose Example, After-ages may
Discover, we more Naked are than they;
All Humane Wisdom to Divine, is Folly,
This Truth, the wisest Man made Melancholy;
Hope, or Belief, or Guess, gives some Relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings Grief;
Who thinks his Wife is Virtuous, though not so,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the Truth he know.

Our God, when Heav'n and Earth he did Create,
Form'd Man, who should of both participate;
If our Lives Motions theirs must imitate,
Our Knowledge, like our Blood, must circulate.
When, like a Bride-groom from the East, the Sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came doth run;
Into Earth's Spungy Veins the Ocean sinks,
Those Rivers to replenish which he Drinks;
So Learning which from Reason's Fountain springs,
Back to the Source, some secret Channel brings.
'Tis happy when our Streams of Knowledge flow
To fill their Banks, but not to overthrow.

*Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit Æstas,
Sic Ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque Finem.*

CATO

CATO MAJOR
O F
OLD AGE.
A
POEM.

By the Honourable
Sir *JOHN DENHAM*,
Knight of the *BATH*.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year 1710.

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T O T H E
R E A D E R.

I Can neither call this Piece *Tully's* nor my own, being much altered from the Original, not only by the Change of the Style, but by Addition and Substraction. I believe you will be better pleas'd, to receive it, as I did, at the first sight; for to me *Cicero* did not so much appear to write, as *Cato* to speak; and to do right to my Author, I believe no Character of any Person was ever better drawn to the Life than this. Therefore neither consider *Cicero*, nor Me, but *Cato* himself, who being then rais'd from the Dead to speak the Language of that Age and Place, neither the distance of Place or Time makes it less possible to raise him now to speak ours.

Though I dare not compare my Copy with the Original, yet you will find it mention'd here, how much Fruits are improv'd by Graffing; and here, by Graffing Verse upon Prose,

N 2

some

some of these severer Arguments may receive a more mild and pleasant Taste.

Cato says (in another place) of himself, that he learn'd to speak Greek between the Seventieth and Eightieth Year of his Age; beginning that so late, he may not yet be too Old to learn English, being now but between his Seventeenth and Eighteenth Hundred Year. For these Reasons I shall leave to this Piece no other Name than what the Author gave it, of

C A T O M A J O R.

THE

T H E
P R E F A C E.

That Learned Critick, the younger Scaliger, comparing the two great Orators, says, that nothing can be taken from Demosthenes, nor added to Tully; and if there be any fault in the last, it is the Resumption, or dwelling too long upon his Arguments: for which reason having intended to translate this Piece into Prose, (where Translation ought to be strict) finding the matter very proper for Verse, I took the liberty, to leave out what was only necessary to that Age, and Place, and to take, or add, what was proper to this present Age, and Occasion; by laying his Sense closer, and in fewer words, according to the Style and Ear of these Times. The three first Parts I dedicate to my old Friends, to take off those melancholy Reflections, which the Sense of Age, Infirmary, and Death may give them. The last Part I think necessary for the Conviction of those Many, who believe not, or

at least mind not the Immortality of the Soul, of which the Scripture speaks only positively, as a Law-giver, with an *Ipse dixit* ; but it may be, they neither believe that (from which they either make Doubts, or Sport,) nor those, whose business it is to interpret it, supposing they do it only for their own ends : But if a Heathen Philosopher bring such Arguments from Reason, Nature and Second Causes, which none of our Atheistical Sophisters can confute, if they may stand convinced, that there is an Immortality of the Soul, I hope they will so weigh the consequences, as neither to talk, nor live, as if there was no such thing.

O F
O L D - A G E.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO to CATO.

THough all the Actions of your Life are crown'd
[nown'd,
With Wisdom, nothing makes them more Re-
Than that those Years, which others think extreme,
Nor to your self, nor us, uneasie seem;
Under which weight, most like th'old Giants groan,
When *Ætna* on their backs by *Jove* was thrown.

Cat. What you urge, *Scipio*, from right Reason
[flows;
All parts of Age seem burthensome to those,
Who Virtue's and true Wisdom's happiness
Cannot discern; but they who those possess,
In what's impos'd by Nature find no grief,
Of which our Age is (next our Death) the chief,

Which though all equally desire t'obtain,
Yet *when they have obtain'd it*, they complain;
Such our Inconstancies and Follies are,
We say it steals upon us unaware:
Our want of Reas'ning these false Measures makes,
Youth runs to Age, as Childhood Youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our Lives appear,
To reach th'eighth Hundred, than the Eightieth Year?
Of what, in that long space of Time hath past,
To foolish Age will no Remembrance last.
My Age's conduct when you seem t'admire,
(Which that it may deserve, I much desire)
'Tis my first Rule, on Nature, as my Guide
Appointed by the Gods, I have rely'd;
And Nature, (which all Acts of Life designs)
Not like ill Poets, in the last declines:
But some one part must be the last of all,
Which like ripe Fruits, must either rot, or fall,

And

And this from Nature must be gently born,
Else her (as Giants did the Gods) we scorn.

Lael. But Sir, 'tis *Scipio's*, and my Desire,
Since to long Life we gladly would aspire,
That from your grave Instructions we might hear,
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

Cat. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

Lael. If to your self it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater Joy can move,
That as old Travellers the young instruct,
Your long, our short Experience may conduct.

Cat. 'Tis true, (as the old Proverb doth relate)
Equals with Equals often congregate.
Two Consuls (who *in years my Equals were)
When Senators, lamenting I did hear,

That

* *Cajus Salinator, Spurius Albinus.*

That Age from them had all their Pleasures torn,
And them their former Suppliants snow corn:
They, what is not to be accus'd, accuse,
Not others, but themselves their Age abuse;
Else this might me concern, and all my Friends,
Whose chearful Age, with Honour, Youth attends,
Joy'd that from Pleasure's slav'ry they are free,
And all Respects due to their Age they see.
In its true colours, this Complaint appears
The ill effect of Manners, not of Years,
For on their Life no grievous burthen lies,
Who are Well-natur'd, Temperate, and Wise:
But an inhumane, and ill-temper'd Mind,
Not any easie part in Life can find.

Lal This I believe; yet others may dispute,
Their Age (as yours) can never bear such fruit,
Of Honour, Wealth, and Pow'r, to make them sweet,
Not every one such Happiness can meet.

Cat. Some weight your Argument, my *Lælius*, bears,
But not so much, as at first sight appears.
This answer by *Themistocles* was made,
(When a *Seriphian* thus did him upbraid,
You those great Honours to your Contry owe,
Not to your self) Had I at * *Seripho*
Been born, such Honour I had never seen,
Nor you if an *Athenian* you had been:
So Age, cloath'd in undecent Poverty,
To the most prudent cannot easie be ;
But to a Fool, the greater his estate,
The more uneasie is his Age's weight.
Age's chief Arts, and Arms, are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and known, to exercise;
All just returns to Age then Virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes,

The

* An Isle to which condemn'd Men were banish'd.

The sweetest Cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our Virtuous Actions past.
I, (when a Youth) with Reverence did look
On *Quintus Fabius*, who *Tarentum* took,
Yet in his Age such chearfulness was seen,
As if his Years and mine had equal been,
His Gravity was mixt with Gentleness,
Nor had his Age made his good Humour less,
Then was he well in years (the same that he
Was Consul, that of my Nativity)
(A Stripling then) in his fourth Consulate
On him at *Capua* I in Arms did wait.
I five years after at *Tarentum* wan
The Quæstorship, and then our Love began,
And four years after, when I Prætor was,
He Pleaded, and the **Cincian* Law did pass.
With youthful diligence he us'd t'ingage,
Yet with the temperate Arts of patient Age.

* Against Bribes.

He breaks fierce *Hannibal's* insulting heats;
Of which exploit thus our Friend *Ennius* treats,
He by delay restor'd the Common-wealth,
Nor preferr'd Rumour before publick Health.

The

The A R G U M E N T.

*When I reflect on Age, I find there are
Four Causes, which its Misery declare.*

1. *Because our Bodies Strength it much impairs;*
 2. *That it takes off our Minds from great Affairs:*
 3. *Next, that our Sense of Pleasures it deprives:*
 4. *Last, That approaching Death attends our Lives.*
- Of all these sev'ral Causes I'll discourse,
And then of each, in Order, weigh the force.*
-

The F I R S T P A R T.

THe Old from such affairs is only freed,
Which vigorous Youth, and strength of Body
But to more high affairs our Age is lent, [need;
Most properly when heats of Youth are spent.
Did *Fabius*, and your Father *Scipio*
(Whose Daughter my Son married) nothing do?

Fabricii,

Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii;

Whose Courage, Counsel, and Authority,

The *Roman* Common-wealth restor'd, did boast,

Nor *Appius*, with whose strength his fight was lost,

Who when the Senate was to Peace inclin'd

With *Pyrrhus*, shew'd his Reason was not blind.

Whither's our Courage and our Wisdom come?

When *Rome* it self conspires the Fate of *Rome*.

The rest with ancient Gravity and Skill

He spake (for his Oration's extant still.)

'Tis seventeen years since he had Consul been

The second time, and there were ten between;

Therefore their Argument's of little force,

Who Age from great Employments would divorce.

As in a Ship some climb the Shrouds, t' unfold

The Sail, some sweep the Deck, some pump the Hold,

Whilst he that guides the Helm, employs his Skill,

And gives the Law to them, by sitting still.

Great

Great actions less from Courage, Strength and Speed,
Than from wise Counsels and Commands proceed;
Those Arts Age wants not, which to Age belong,
Not Heat, but cold Experience makes us strong,
A Consul, Tribune, General, I have been,
All sorts of War I have past through, and seen;
And now grown old, I seem t'abandon it,
Yet to the Senate I prescribe what's fit.
I ev'ry day 'gainst *Carthage* War proclaim,
(For *Rome's* destruction hath been long her aim)
Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
Which Triumph may the Gods design for thee;
That *Scipio* may revenge his Grandfire's Ghost,
Whose Life at *Cannæ* with great Honour lost
Is on record, nor had he wearied been
With Age, if he an hundred years had seen,
He had not us'd Excursions, Spears, or Darts,
But Counsel, Order, and such aged Arts,

Which

Which, if our Ancestors had not retain'd,
 The *Senate's* Name our Council had not gain'd;
 The *Spartans* to their highest Magistrate
 The Name of *Elder* did appropriate:
 Therefore his Fame for ever shall remain,
 How gallantly *Tarentum* he did gain,
 With vigilant Conduct, when that sharp reply
 He gave to *Salinator*, I stood by,
 Who to the Castle fled, the Town being lost,
 Yet he to *Maximus* did vainly boast,
 'Twas by my means *Tarentum* you obtain'd;
 'Tis true, had you not lost, I had not gain'd;
 And as much Honour on his Gown did wait,
 As on his Arms, in his Fifth Consulate,
 When his Colleague *Carvilius* stept aside,
 The Tribune of the People would divide
 To them the *Gallick*, and the *Picene* Field,
 Against the Senate's will, he will not yield;

O

When

When, being angry, boldly he declares
Those things were acted under happy Stars,
From which the Commonwealth found good effects,
But otherwise they came from bad Aspects.
Many great things of *Fabius* I could tell,
But his Son's Death did all the rest excel;
(His Gallant Son, though young, had Consul been)
His Funeral Oration I have seen
Often, and when on that I turn my Eyes,
I all the Old Philosophers despise,
Though he in all the Peoples Eyes seem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his Retreat;
When feasting with his private Friends at home
Such Counsel, such Discourse from him did come,
Such Science in his Art of Augury,
No *Roman* ever was more learn'd than he;
Knowledge of all things present, and to come,
Remembering all the Wars of ancient *Rome*,

Nor only there, but all the World's beside;
Dying in extreme age, I prophesy'd
That which is come to pass, and did discern
From his Survivors I could nothing learn.
This long Discourse was but to let you see,
That his long Life could not uneasie be.
Few like the *Fabii* or the *Scipio's* are
Takers of Cities, Conquerors in War.
Yet others to like happy Age arrive,
Who Modest, Quiet, and with Virtue live:
Thus *Plato* writing his Philosophy,
With Honour after ninety Years did die.
Th' *Athenian Story* writ at ninety four
By *Isocrates*, who yet liv'd five Years more,
His Master *Grogias* at the hundredth year
And seventh, not his Studies did forbear:
And, askt, why he no sooner left the Stage,
Said, he saw nothing to accuse Old Age.

None but the Foolish, who their lives abuse,
Age, of their own Mistakes and Crimes, accuse.
All Commonwealths (as by Records is seen)
As by' Age preserv'd, by Youth destroy'd have been.
When the Tragedian *Nævius* did demand,
Why did your Common-wealth no longer stand?
'Twas answer'd, that their Senators were new,
Foolish, and Young, and such as nothing knew;
Nature to Youth hot rashness doth dispence,
But with cold Prudence Age doth recompence;
But Age, 'tis said, will Memory decay,
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or, if by Nature it be dull and slow:
Themistocles (when ag'd) the Names did know
Of all th' *Athenians*; and none grow so old,
Not to remember where they hid their Gold.
From Age such Art of Memory we learn,
To forget nothing, which is our Concern;

Their Interest no Priest nor Sorcerer
Forgets, nor Lawyer, nor Philosopher;
No understanding Memory can want,
Where Wisdom studious Industry doth plant,
Not does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative;
When *Sophocles* (who Plays when aged wrote)
Was by his Sons before the Judges brought,
Because he pay'd the Muses such respect,
His Fortune, Wife, and Children to neglect;
Almost condemn'd, he mov'd the Judges thus,
Hear, but instead of me, my *Oedipus*:
The Judges hearing with applause, at th'end
Freed him, and said, no Fool such Lines had penn'd.
What Poets and what Orators can I
Recount? what Princes in Philosophy?
Whose constant Studies with their Age did strive,
Nor did they those, though those did them survive.

Old Husbandmen I at *Sabinium* know,
Who for another Year dig, plough, and sow.
For never any Man was yet so old,
But hop'd his Life one Winter more might hold.
Cecilius vainly said, each day we spend
Discovers something, which must needs offend;
But sometimes Age may pleasant things behold,
And nothing that offends: He should have told
This not to Age, but Youth, who oftner see
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:
That, I in him, which he in Age condemn'd,
That us it renders odious, and contemn'd.
He knew not Virtue, if he thought this Truth;
For Youth delights in Age, and Age in Youth.
What to the Old can greater Pleasure be,
Than hopeful and ingenious Youth to see?
When they with Rev'rence follow where we lead,
And in strait Paths by our directions tread;

And

And even my Conversation here I see,
As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
'Tis dif-ingenuous to accuse our Age
Of Idlenefs, who all our Powers ingage
In the fame Studies, the fame Courfe to hold;
Nor think our Reason for new Arts too old.
Solon the Sage his Progreff never ceas'd,
But ftill his Learning with his Days increas'd,
And I with the fame greedinefs did feek,
As Water when I thirft, to swallow *Greek*;
Which I did only learn, that I might know
Thofe great Examples, which I follow now:
And I have heard that *Socrates*, the Wife,
Learn'd on the Lute for his laft Exercife.
Though many of the Antients did the fame,
To improve Knowledge was my only aim.

The SECOND PART.

NOW in t'our second Grievance I must break,
That loss of Strength makes Understanding ^[weak.]

I grieve no more my youthful Strength to want,
 Than Young, that of a Bull, or Elephant;
 Then with that Force content, which Nature gave,
 Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.
 When the young Wrestlers at their sport grew warm,
 Old *Milo* wept, to see his naked Arm;
 And cry'd, 'twas dead: Trifler, thine Heart, and Head,
 And all that's in them (not thy Arm) are dead;
 This Folly ev'ry Looker-on derides,
 To glory only in thy Arms and Sides.
 Our gallant Ancestors let fall no Tears,
 Their Strength decreasing by increasing Years;
 But they advanc'd in Wisdom ev'ry Hour,
 And made the Common-wealth advance in Pow'r.

But

But Orators may grieve, for in their Sides,
Rather than Heads, their Faculty abides;
Yet I have heard old Voices loud and clear,
And still my own sometimes the Senate hear.
When th'Old with smooth and gentle Voices plead,
They by the Ear their well-pleas'd Audience lead:
Which, if I had not Strength enough to do,
I could (my *Laelius*, and my *Scipio*)
What's to be done, or not be done, instruct,
And to the Maxims of good Life conduct.
Cneius and *Publius Scipio*, and (that Man
Of Men) your Grandfire the great *Affrican*,
Were joyful, when the Flower of Noble Blood
Crowded their Dwellings, and attending stood,
Like Oracles their Counfels to receive,
How in their Progress they should act, and live.
And they whose high Examples Youth obeys,
Are not despised, though their Strength decays,
And

And those Decays (to speak the naked Truth,
Though the defects of Age) were Crimes of Youth.
Intemp'rate Youth (by sad Experience found)
Ends in an Age imperfect, and unsound.

Cyrus, though ag'd, (if *Xenophon* say true)

Lucius Metellus (whom when Young I knew)

Who held (after his Second Consulate)

Twenty Two Years the high Pontificate;

Neither of those in Body, or in Mind,

Before their Death the least decay did find.

I speak not of my self, though none deny

To Age (to praise their Youth) the liberty:

Such an unwasted Strength I cannot boast,

Yet now my Years are Eighty four almost:

And though from what it was my Strength is far,

Both in the first and second *Punick* War,

Nor at *Thermopylae*, under *Glabrio*,

Nor when I Consul into *Spain* did go;

But

But yet I feel no Weakness, nor hath length
Of Winters quite enervated my Strength;
And I, my Guest, my Client, or my Friend,
Still in the Courts of Justice can defend:
Neither must I that Proverb's Truth allow,
Who would be Antient, must be early so.
I would be Youthful still, and find no need
To appear Old, till I was so indeed.
And yet you see my Hours not idle are,
Though with your Strength I cannot mine compare;
Yet this Centurion's doth yours surmount,
Not therefore him the better Man I count.
Milo when entring the Olympick Game,
With a huge Oxe upon his Shoulder came.
Would you the force of *Milo's* Body find,
Rather than of *Pythagoras's* Mind?
The Force which Nature gives with Care retain,
But when decay'd, 'tis Folly to complain;

In

In Age to wish for Youth is full as vain,
As for a Youth to turn a Child again.
Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,
As she sets forth the Seasons of the Year.
So in all parts of Life we find her Truth,
Weakness to Childhood, Rashness to our Youth;
To Elder Years to be Discreet and Grave,
Then to old Age Maturity she gave.
(*Scipio*) you know, how *Massinissa* bears
His Kingly Port, at more than ninety Years;
When marching with his Foot, he walks till Night;
When with his Horse, he never will alight;
Though cold, or wet, his Head is always bare;
So Hot, so Dry, his aged Members are.
You see how Exercise and Temperance
Even to old Years a Youthful Strength advance.
Our Law (because from Age our Strength retires)
No Duty which belongs to Strength requires.

But

But Age doth many Men so feeble make,
That they no great design can undertake;
Yet, that to Age not singly is apply'd,
But to all Man's Infirmities beside.
That *Scipio* (who adopted you) did fall
Into such Pains, he had no health at all;
Who else had equal'd *Affricanus* parts,
Exceeding him in all the Lib'ral Arts:
Why should those Errours then imputed be
To Age alone, from which our Youth's not free?
Ev'ry Disease of Age we may prevent,
Like those of Youth, by being diligent.
When Sick such mod'rate Exercise we use,
And Diet, as our vital Heat renews;
And if our Bodies thence Refreshment finds,
Then must we also exercise our Minds.
If with continual Oyl we not supply
Our Lamp, the Light for want of it will die:

Though

Though Bodies may be tir'd with Exercise,
No Weariness the Mind could e'er surprize.
Cecilius the Comedian, when of Age
He represents the Follies on the Stage;
They're Credulous, Forgetful, Dissolute,
Neither those Crimes to Age he doth impute,
But to Old Men to whom those Crimes belong.
Lust, Petulance, Rashness, are in Youth more strong
Than Age, and yet Young Men those Vices hate,
Who Virtuous are, Discreet, and Temperate:
And so what we call Dotage, seldom breeds
In Bodies, but where Nature sow'd the Seeds.
There are five Daughters, and four gallant Sons,
In whom the Blood of Noble *Appius* runs,
With a most num'rous Family beside;
Whom he alone, though Old and Blind, did guide.
Yet his clear-sighted Mind was still intent,
And to his Business like a Bow stood bent:

By Children, Servants, Neighbours so esteem'd,
He not a Master, but a Monarch seem'd.
All his Relations his Admirers were,
His Sons paid Reverence, and his Servants Fear:
The Order and the ancient Discipline
Of *Romans*, did in all his Actions shine.
Authority (kept up) Old Age secures,
Whose Dignity as long as Life endures.
Something of Youth I in Old Age approve,
But more the marks of Age in Youth I love.
Who this observes, may in his Body find
Decrepit Age, but never in his Mind.
The seven Volumes of my own Reports,
Wherein are all the Pleadings of our Courts;
All noble Monuments of *Greece* are come
Unto my Hands, with those of ancient *Rome*.
The Pontifical, and the Civil Law,
I study still, and thence Orations draw.

And

And to confirm my Memory, at Night,
What I hear, see, do, by Day, I still recite.
These Exercises for my Thoughts I find,
These Labours are the Chariots of my Mind.
To serve my Friends, the Senate I frequent,
And there what I before digested, vent.
Which only from my Strength of Mind proceeds,
Not any outward Force of Body needs:
Which, if I could not do, I should delight
On what I would to ruminate at Night.
Who in such Practices their Minds engage,
Nor fear, nor think of their approaching Age;
Which by degrees invisibly doth creep:
Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep.

The THIRD PART.

NOW must I draw my Forces 'gainst that Host
Of Pleasures, which i'th' Sea of Age are lost.

Oh, thou most high transcendent Gift of Age!

Youth from its Folly thus to disengage.

And now receive from me that most divine

Oration of that noble * *Tarentine*,

Which at *Tarentum* I long since did hear ;

When I attended the great *Fabius* there.

Ye Gods, was it Man's Nature, or his Fate,

Betray'd him with sweet Pleasure's poison'd Bait ?

Which he, with all designs of Art, or Pow'r,

Doth with unbridled Appetite devour :

And as all Poisons seek the noblest Part,

Pleasure possesses first the Head and Heart ;

P

In-

* *Archytas* much praised by *Horace*.

Intoxicating both, by them, she finds,
And burns the Sacred Temples of our Minds.
Furies, which Reason's divine Chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the World confound.
Lust, Murder, Treason, Avarice, and Hell
It self broke loose, in Reason's Palace dwell ;
Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, are fled,
All her Attendants into darkness led.
But why all this Discourse ? when Pleasure's Rage
Hath conquer'd Reason, we must treat with Age.
Age undermines, and will in time surprize
Her strongest Forts, and cut off all Supplies.
And join'd in league with strong Necessity,
Pleasure must flie, or else by Famine die.
Flaminius, whom a Consulship had grac'd,
(Then Cenfor) from the Senate I displac'd ;
When he in *Gaul*, a Consul, made a Feast,
A beauteous Curtesan did him request,

To see the cutting off a Pris'ner's Head ;
This Crime I could not leave unpunished,
Since by a private Villany he stain'd
That Publick Honour, which at *Rome* he gain'd.
Then to our Age (when not to Pleasures bent)
This seems an Honour, not Disparagement.
We, not all Pleasures like the Stoicks hate ;
But love and seek those which are moderate,
(Though Divine *Plato* thus of Pleasures thought,
They us, with Hooks and Baits, like Fishes caught.)
When Quæstor, to the Gods, in Publick Halls
I was the first, who set up Festivals.
Not with high Tastes our Appetites did force,
But fill'd with Conversation and Discourse ;
Which Feasts, *Convivial Meetings* we did name :
Not like the Antient *Greeks*, who to their shame,
Call'd it a *Computation*, not a Feast ;
Declaring the worst part of it the best.

Those Entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with Youthful Heat and Merriment:
But now I thank my Age, which gives me Ease
From those Excesses; yet my self I please
With chearful Talk to entertain my Guests,
(Discourses are to Age continual Feasts.)
The love of Meat and Wine they recompence,
And chear the Mind, as much as those the Sense.
I'm not more pleas'd with Gravity among
The Ag'd, than to be Youthful with the Young;
Nor 'gainst all Pleasures proclaim open War,
To which, in Age, some nat'ral Motions are.
And still at my *Sabinum* I delight
To treat my Neighbours 'till the depth of Night.
But we the Sense of Gust and Pleasure want,
Which Youth at full possesses, this I grant;
But Age seeks not the things which Youth require
And no Man needs that, which he not desires.

When *Sophocles* was ask'd if he deny'd
Himself the use of Pleasures, he reply'd,
I humbly thank th' Immortal Gods, who me
From that fierce Tyrant's Insolence set free.
But they whom pressing Appetites constrain,
Grieve when they cannot their Desires obtain.
Young Men the use of Pleasure understand,
As of an Object new, and near at hand :
Though this stands more remote from Age's sight,
Yet they behold it not without Delight :
As ancient Soldiers, from their Duties eas'd,
With sense of Honour and Rewards are pleas'd.
So from ambitious Hopes and Lusts releas'd,
Delighted with it self, our Age doth rest.
No part of Life's more Happy, when with Bread
Of ancient Knowledge, and new Learning fed,
All Youthful Pleasures by degrees must cease ;
But those of Age ev'n with our Years increase.

We love not loaded Boards, and Goblets crown'd,
But free from Surfeits our Repose is found.
When Old *Fabritius* to the *Samnites* went
Ambassador, from *Rome* to *Pyrrhus* sent,
He heard a grave Philosopher maintain,
That all the Actions of our Life were vain,
Which with our sense of Pleasure not conspir'd,
Fabritius the Philosopher desir'd,
That he to *Pyrrhus* would that Maxim teach,
And to the *Samnites* the same Doctrine preach;
Then of their Conquest he should doubt no more,
Whom their own Pleasures overcame before.
Now into Rustick matters I must fall,
Which Pleasure seems to me the chief of all.
Age no Impediment to those can give,
Who wisely by the Rules of Nature live.
Earth (though our-Mother) cheerfully obeys
All the Commands her Race upon her lays.

For whatsoever from our hand she takes,
Greater, or less, a vast return she makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,
But with her Ways, her Method, and her Force,
The Seed her Bosom (by the Plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly she embraces it,
Which with her genuine Warmth diffus'd, and spread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender Head,
Then gives it Motion, Life, and Nourishment,
Which from the Root thro' Nerves and Veins are sent,
Streight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
And, Form receiving, doth it self disclose,
Drawn up in Ranks, and Files, the bearded Spikes
Guard it from Birds as with a stand of Pikes.
When of the Vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
And with Delight, as with her Juice, am fir'd;
At Nature's God-like Pow'r I stand amaz'd,
Which such vast Bodies hath from Atoms rais'd.

The Kernel of a Grape, the Fig's small grain,
Can cloath a Mountain, and o'ershade a Plain:
But thou (dear Vine) forbid'st me to be long,
Although thy Trunk be neither large, nor strong,
Nor can thy Head (not helpt) it self sublime,
Yet, like a Serpent, a tall Tree can climb ;
Whate'er thy many Fingers can intwine
Proves thy support, and all its Strength is thine,
Though Nature gave not Legs, it gave thee Hands,
By which thy Prop the proudest Cedar stands :
As thou hast Hands, so hath thy Off-spring Wings,
And to the highest part of Mortals springs.
But lest thou shouldst consume thy Wealth in vain,
And starve thy self to feed a num'rous Train,
Or like the Bee (sweet as thy Blood) design'd
To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,
Lest thy redundant, and superfluous Juyce,
Should fading Leaves instead of Fruits produce,

The

The Pruner's hand, with letting Blood, must quench
Thy Heat, and thy exub'rant parts retrench :
Then from the Joints of thy prolifick Stem
A swelling Knot is raised, (call'd a Gem)
Whence, in short space, it self the Cluster shews,
And from Earth's moisture mixt with Sun-beams grows.
Th' Spring, like Youth, it yields an acid taste,
But Summer doth, like Age, the Sourness waste ;
Then cloath'd with Leaves, from Heat and Cold secure,
Like Virgins, Sweet and Beauteous, when mature.
On Fruits, Flow'rs, Herbs, and Plants, I long could
At once to please my Eye, my Taste, my Smell ; [dwell,
My Walks of Trees, all planted by my Hand,
Like Children of my own begetting stand,
To tell the sev'ral Nature of each Earth,
What Fruits from each most properly take Birth :
And with what Arts to enrich ev'ry Mold,
The Dry to moisten, and to warm the Cold.

But

But when we graft, our Buds inoculate,
Nature by Art we nobly meliorate,
As *Orpheus's* Musick wildest Beasts did tame,
From the four Crab the sweetest Apple came :
The Mother to the Daughter goes to School,
The Species chang'd, doth her Laws over-rule;
Nature her self doth from her self depart,
(Strange Transmigration) by the Power of Art.
How little things, give Law to great? we see
The small Bud captivates the greatest Tree.
Here even the Pow'r Divine we imitate,
And seem not to beget, but to create.
Much was I pleas'd with Fowls and Beasts, the Tame
For Food and Profit, and the Wild for Game.
Excuse me when this pleasant string I touch,
(For Age, of what delights it, speaks too much.)
Who twice Victorious *Pyrrhus* conquered,
The *Sabines* and the *Samnites* captive led,

Great

Great *Curius*, his remaining Days did spend,
And in this happy Life his Triumphs end.
My Farm stands near, and when I there retire,
His, and that Age's Temper I admire:
The *Samnites* Chiefs, as by his Fire he fate,
With a vast sum of Gold on him did wait;
Return, said he, your Gold I nothing weigh,
When those, who can command it, me obey:
This my assertion proves, he may be Old
And yet not fordid, who refuses Gold.
In Summer to sit still, or walk, I love,
Near a cool Fountain, or a shady Grove.
What can in Winter render more Delight,
Than the high Sun at Noon, and Fire at Night?
While our old Friends and Neighbours feast and play,
And with their harmless Mirth turn Night to Day,
Unpurchas'd Plenty our full Tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return t'our Gods.

That

That Honour and Authority which dwells
With Age, all Pleasures of our Youth excels :
Observe, that I that Age have only prais'd
Whose Pillars were on Youth's Foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great Applause receiv'd)
As a true Maxim hath been since believ'd.
That most unhappy Age great Pity needs,
Which to defend it self, new Matter pleads ;
Not from Gray Hairs Authority doth flow,
Nor from bald Heads, nor from a wrinkled Brow,
But our past Life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our Age those happy Fruits present.
Those things to Age most Honourable are,
Which easie, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, Consulting, Complement, Resort,
Crouding Attendance to, and from the Court :
And not on *Rome* alone this Honour waits,
But on all Civil, and well-govern'd States.

Lysander pleading in his City's Praise,
 From thence his strongest Argument did raise,
 That *Sparta* did with Honour Age support,
 Paying them just Respect, at Stage, and Court.
 But at proud *Athen's* Youth did Age out-face,
 Nor at the Plays would rise, or give them Place.
 When an *Athenian* Stranger of great Age,
 Arriv'd at *Sparta*, climbing up the Stage,
 To him the whole Assembly rose, and ran
 To place and ease this Old and Reverend Man,
 Who thus his thanks returns, Th' *Athenians* know
 What's to be done, but what they know, not do.
 Here our great Senate's Orders I may quote,
 The first in Age is still the first in Vote,
 Nor Honour, nor high-Birth, nor great Command
 In competition with great Years may stand.
 Why should our Youths short, transient Pleasures, dare
 With Age's lasting Honours to compare ?

On

Ly.

On the World's Stage, when our Applause grows high,
For acting here Life's Tragick-Comedy,
The Lookers-on will say we act not well,
Unless the last the former Scenes excell :
But Age is froward, uneasie, scrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parcimonious ;
But all those Errors from our Manners rise,
Not from our Years; yet some Morosities
We must expect, since Jealousie belongs
To Age, of Scorn, and tender Sense of wrongs :
Yet those are mollify'd, or not discern'd,
Where civil Arts and Manners have been learn'd :
So the * Twins Humours, in our *Terence*, are
Unlike, this Harsh and Rude, that Smooth and Fair.
Our Nature here is not unlike our Wine,
Some sorts, when Old, continue Brisk and Fine;
So Age's Gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t'appear.

* In his Comedy called *Adelphy*.

gh, Of Age's Avarice I cannot see
What Colour, Ground, or Reason there should be ;
Is it not Folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long Voyage to provide ?
To Avarice some Title Youth may own,
To reap in Autumn, what the Spring had sown ;
And with the Providence of Bees, or Ants,
Prevents with Summers Plenty, Winters Wants.
But Age scarce Sows, 'till Death stands by to Reap,
And to a Stranger's Hand transfers the Heap ;
Afraid to be so once, she's always Poor,
And to avoid a Mischief makes it sure.
Such Madness, as for Fear of Death to die,
Is, to be Poor for fear of Poverty.

The

The FOURTH PART.

NOW against (that which terrifies our Age)
The last, and greatest Grievance, we engage;
To her, grim Death appears in all her Shapes,
The hungry Grave for her due Tribute gapes.
Fond, Foolish Man! with fear of Death surpriz'd,
Which either should be wisht for, or despis'd ;
This, if our Souls with Bodies Death destroy ;
That, if our Souls a second Life enjoy.
What else is to be fear'd? when we shall gain
Eternal Life, or have no sense of Pain.
The youngest in the Morning are not sure,
That 'till the Night their Life they can secure ;
Their Age stands more expos'd to Accidents
Than ours, nor common care their Fate prevents :
Death's Force (with Terror) against Nature strives
Nor one of many to ripe Age arrives.

From this ill Fate the World's disorders rise,
For if all Men were Old they would be Wise;
Years and Experience our Fore-fathers taught,
Them under Laws, and into Cities brought:
Why only should the Fear of Death belong
To Age? which is as common to the Young:
Your hopeful Brothers, and my Son, to you
(*Scipio*) and me, this Maxim makes too true:
But vig'rous Youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many Years, which Age must not expect,
But when he sees his airy Hopes deceiv'd,
With Grief he says, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they, who but desir'd
To possess that, which we long since acquir'd.
What if our Age to *Nestor's* could extend?
'Tis vain to think that lasting, which must end;
And when 'tis past, not any part remains
Whereof, but the Reward which Virtue gains,

Q

Days,

Days, Months, and Years, like running Waters flow,
Nor what is past, nor what's to come, we know:
Our Date, how short so e'er, must us content;
When a good Actor doth his Part present,
In ev'ry Act he our Attention draws,
That at the last he may find just Applause;
So (though but short) yet we must learn the Art
Of Virtue, on this Stage to act our part,
True Wisdom must our Actions so direct,
Not only the last Plaudite to expect:
Yet grieve no more, though long that part should last
Than Husbandmen, because the Spring is past.
The Spring, like Youth, fresh Blossoms doth produce
But Autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use:
So Age a mature Mellowness doth set
On the green Promises of youthful Heat.
All things which Nature did ordain, are good,
And so must be receiv'd, and understood.

Age, like ripe Apples, on Earth's Bosom drops,
 While Force our Youth, like Fruits untimely, crops;
 The sparkling Flame of our warm Blood expires,
 As when huge Streams are pour'd on raging Fires;
 But Age unforc'd falls by her own Consent,
 As Coals to Ashes, when the Spirit's spent;
 Therefore to Death I with such Joy resort,
 As Seamen from a Tempest to their Port.
 Yet to that Port our selves we must not force,
 Before our Pilot, Nature, steers our Course.
 Let us the Causes of our Fear condemn,
 Then Death at his Approach we shall contemn.
 Though to our heat of Youth our Age seems cold,
 Yet when resolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
 Thus *Solon* to *Pisistratus* reply'd,
 Demanded, on what Succour he rely'd,
 When with so few he boldy did ingage;
 He said, he took his Courage from his Age.

Ag

Q 2

Then

Then Death seems welcome, and our Nature kind,
When leaving us a perfect Sense and Mind;
She (like a Workman in his Science skill'd)
Pulls down with ease, what her own Hand did build.
That Art which knew to join all parts in one,
Makes the least violent Separation.
Yet though our Ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our Station stand,
Till God, our General, shall us disband.
Wise *Solon* dying, wisht his Friends might grieve,
That in their Memories he still might live.
Yet wiser *Ennius* gave command to all
His Friends, not to bewail his Funeral;
Your Tears for such a Death in vain you spend,
Which strait in Immortality shall end.
In Death if there be any sense of Pain,
But a short space, to Age it will remain.

On which, without my Fears, my Wishes wait,
 But tim'rous Youth on this should meditate:
 Who for light Pleasure this Advice rejects,
 Finds little, when his Thoughts he recollects.
 Our Death (though not its certain date) we know,
 Nor whether it may be this Night, or no:
 How then can they contented live, who fear
 A Danger certain? and none knows how near.
 They err, who for the fear of Death dispute,
 Our gallant Actions this mistake confute.
 Thee (*Brutus*) *Rome's* first Martyr I must name,
 The *Curtii* bravely div'd the Gulph of Flame:
Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
 That Faith, which to his barb'rous Foes he gave;
 With the two *Scipio's* did thy Uncle fall,
 Rather than fly from Conqu'ring *Hannibal*.
 The great *Marcellus* (who restored *Rome*)
 His greatest Foes with Honour did intomb.

Their Lives how many of our Legions threw,
Into the Breach? whence no return they knew;
Must then the Wife, the Old, the Learned fear,
What not the Rude, the Young, th'Unlearn'd forbear?
Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then Life must to it self grow wearisome.
Those Trifles wherein Children take delight,
Grow nauseous to the Young Man's Appetite,
And from those Gayeties our Youth requires,
To exercise their Minds, our Age retires.
And when the last delights of Age shall die,
Life in it self will find Satiety.
Now you (my Friends) my sense of Death shall hear,
Which I can well describe, for he stands near.
Your Father *Lælius*, and yours *Scipio*,
My Friends, and Men of Honour, I did know;
As certainly as we must die, they live
That Life which justly may that Name receive.

Till

Till from these Prisons of our Flesh releas'd,
Our Souls with heavy Burdens lie oppress'd;
Which part of Man from Heav'n falling down,
Earth, in her low Abyfs, doth hide, and drown,
A place so dark to the Cœlestial Light,
And pure, eternal Fires quite opposite,
The Gods through human Bodies did disperse
An Heav'nly Soul, to guide this Universe;
That Man, when he of Heav'nly Bodies saw
The Order, might from thence a Pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own Dictates show,
But to the old Philosophers I owe.
I heard *Pythagoras*, and those who came
With him, and from our Country took their Name;
Who never doubted but the Beams divine,
Deriv'd from Gods, in mortal Breasts did shine.
Nor from my Knowledge did the Antients hide
What *Socrates* declar'd, the Hour he dy'd,

He th'Immortality of Souls proclaim'd,
(Whom th'Oracle of Men the wisest nam'd)
Why should we doubt of that? whereof our Sense
Finds Demonstration from Experience;
Our Minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that's Mortal can so swiftly move.
Our Thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that's past collect,
Reason, Remembrance, Wit, inventive Art,
No Nature, but immortal, can impart.
Man's Soul in a perpetual Motion flows,
And to no outward Cause that Motion owes;
And therefore, that, no end can overtake,
Because our Minds cannot themselves forsake.
And since the Matter of our Soul is pure,
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of Parts, which not among themselves agree;
Therefore it never can divided be.

And

And Nature shews (without Philosophy)
What cannot be divided, cannot die.
We even in early Infancy discern,
Knowledge is born with Babes before they learn;
E'er they can speak, they find so many ways
To serve their turn, and see more Arts than Days:
Before their Thoughts they plainly can express,
The Words and Things they know are numberless;
Which Nature only, and no Art could find,
But what she taught before, she call'd to mind.
This to his Sons (as *Xenophon* records)
Of the great *Cyrus* were the dying Words;
Fear not when I depart (nor therefore Mourn)
I shall be no where, or to nothing turn:
That Soul, which gave me Life, was seen by none,
Yet by the Actions it design'd, was known;
And though its Flight no mortal Eye shall see;
Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.

And

That

*That Soul, which can immortal Glory give,
To her own Virtues must for ever live.
Can you believe, than Man's all-knowing Mind
Can to a Mortal Body be confin'd?
Though a foul foolish Prison her immure
On Earth, she (when escap'd) is Wise, and Pure.
Man's Body when dissolv'd is but the same
With Beasts, and must return from whence it came;
But whence into our Bodies Reason flows,
None sees it, when it comes, or where it goes.
Nothing resembles Death so much as Sleep,
Yet then our Minds themselves from Slumber keep.
When from their fleshly Bondage they are free,
Then what divine, and future things they see!
Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
And what they shall hereafter be, declare.
This Noble Speech the dying Cyrus made.
Me (Scipio) shall no Argument perswade,*

Thy

Thy Grandfire, and his Brother, to whom Fame
Gave, from two conquer'd parts o'th' World, their Name,
Nor thy great Grandfire, nor thy Father *Paul*,
Who fell at *Cannæ* against *Hannibal*;
Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the Ag'd
To boast their Actions) had so oft engag'd
In Battels, and in Pleadings, had we thought,
That only Fame our virtuous Actions bought;
'Twere better in soft Pleasure and Repose
Ingloriously our peaceful Eyes to close:
Some high assurance hath possess'd my Mind,
After my Death, an happier Life to find.
Unless our Souls from the Immortals came,
What end have we to seek Immortal Fame?
All virtuous Spirits some such Hope attends,
Therefore the Wise his Days with Pleasure ends.
The Foolish and Short-sighted die with Fear,
That they go no where, or they know not where.

The

The Wise and Virtuous Soul, with clearer Eyes,
Before she parts, some happy Port descries.
My Friends, your Fathers I shall surely see,
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But such as before ours did end their Days:
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their Praise.
This I believe, for were I on my way,
None should perswade me to return, or stay:
Should some God tell me, that I should be born,
And cry again, his Offer I should scorn;
Asham'd, when I have ended well my Race,
To be led back, to my first starting-place.
And since with Life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We should be either fatisf'd, or cloy'd:
Yet will not I my length of Days deplore,
As many Wise and Learn'd have done before:
Nor can I think such Life in vain is lent,
Which for our Country and our Friends is spent.

Hence

Hence from an Inn, not from my Home, I pass,
Since Nature meant us here no Dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine Assembly see:
Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
But my own Gallant, Virtuous *Cato*, meet.
Nor did I weep, when I to Ashes turn'd
His belov'd Body, who should mine have burn'd.
I in my Thoughts beheld his Soul ascend,
Where his fixt Hopes our Interview attend:
Then cease to wonder that I feel no Grief
From Age, which is of my delights the chief.
My Hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I Man's Soul Immortal have believ'd)
And if I err, no Pow'r shall dispossess
My Thoughts of that expected Happiness.
Though some minute Philosophers pretend,
That with our Days our Pains and Pleasures end.

If

If it be so, I hold the safer side,
For none of them my Error shall deride.
And if hereafter no Rewards appear,
Yet Virtue hath it self rewarded here.
If those who this Opinion have despis'd,
And their whole Life to Pleasure sacrific'd,
Should feel their Error, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wish, that me they had believ'd.
If Souls no Immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our Bodies should be out of Pain.
The same Uneasiness which ev'ry thing
Gives to our Nature, Life must also bring.
Good Acts, if long, seem tedious ; so is Age,
Acting too long upon this Earth her Stage.
Thus much for Age, to which when you arrive,
That Joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.

THE
S O P H Y.

As it was Acted at the

Private House in BLACK FRIARS.

BY HIS
MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year 1710.

Y. H. 89

and the same

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T H E

P R O L O G U E.

Hither ye come, dislike, and so undo
The Players, and disgrace the Poet too;
But he protests against your Votes, and swears
He'll not be try'd by any, but his Peers;
He claims his Privilege, and says 'tis fit
Nothing should be the Judge of Wit, but Wit.
Now you will all be Wits, and be, I pray;
And you that discommend it, mend the Play;
'Tis the best Satisfaction he knows, then
His turn will come to laugh at you agen.
But, Gentlemen, if ye dislike the Play,
Pray make no words on't till the second Day,
Or third, be past: For we would have you know it,
The loss will fall on us, not on the Poet:
For he writes not for Mony, nor for Praise,
Nor to be call'd a Wit, nor to wear Bays:
Cares not for Frowns, or Smiles: so now you'll say,
Then (why the Devil) did he write a Play?
He says, 'twas then with him, as now with you,
He did it when he had nothing else to do.

Dramatis Personæ.

A *Bbas*, King of *Persia*.

Mirza, the Prince, his Son.

Erythæa, the Princess, his Wife.

Haly, the King's Favourite, } Enemies to the Prince
Mirvan, *Haly*'s Confident, }

Abdall, } Two Lords, Friends to the Prince.
Morat, }

Caliph.

Solyman, a foolish Courtier.

Soffy, the Prince his Son, now King of *Persia*.

Fatyma, his Daughter.

Two *Turkish Bashaws*.

Three *Captains*.

Two *Women*.

Physician.

Tormentors.

S C E N E P E R S I A.

T H E

T H E
S O P H Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter ABDALL and MORAT.

Mor. **M**Y Lord, you have good Intelligence,
What News from the Army,
Any certainty of their Design or Strength? [Strength,

Abd. We know not their Design : But for their
The disproportion is so great, we cannot but
Expect a fatal Consequence.

Mor. How great, my Lord?

Abd. The *Turks* are fourscore thousand Foot,
And fifty thousand Horse. And we in the whole
Exceed not forty Thousand.

Mor. Methinks the Prince should know
That Judgment's more essential to a General,
Than Courage; if he prove Victorious
'Tis but a happy Rashness.

Abd. But if he lose the Battel, 'tis an Error
Beyond Excuse, or Remedy, considering

That half the leffer *Asia* will follow
The Victor's Fortune.

Mor. 'Tis his single Virtue,
And Terror of his Name, that walls us in
From Danger; were he lost, the naked Empire
Would be a Prey expos'd to all Invaders.

Abd. But is't not necessary
The King should know his Danger?

Mor. To tell him of so great a Danger,
Were but to draw a greater on our selves:
For though his Eye is open as the Morning's,
Towards Lusts and Pleasures, yet so fast a Lethargy
Has seiz'd his Pow'rs towards publick Cares and Dan-

gers,
He sleeps like Death.

Abd. He's a Man of that strange Composition,
Made up of all the worst Extremities
Of Youth, and Age.

Mor. And though
He feels the Heats of Youth, and Colds of Age,
Yet neither tempers, nor corrects the other;
As if there were an Ague in his Nature
That still inclines to one Extream.

Abd. But the *Caliph*, or *Haly*, or some that know
His softer Hours, might best acquaint him with it.

Mor. Alas, they shew him nothing
But in the Glass of Flattery; if any thing
May bear a shew of Glory, Fame, or Greatness,
'Tis multiplied to an immense quantity,
And stretcht even to Divinity;
But if it tend to Danger, or Dishonour,

Then

They turn about the Perspective, and shew it
So little, at such distance, so like nothing,
That he can scarce discern it.

Abd. Tis the Fate of Princes, that no Knowledge
Comes pure to them, but passing through the Eyes
And Ears of other Men, it takes a Tincture
From ev'ry Channel; and still bears a relish
Of Flattery, or private Ends.

Mor. But Danger and Necessity
Dare speak the Truth.

Abd. But commonly
They speak not till it is too late:
And for *Haly*,
He that shall tell him of the Prince's Danger,
But tells him that himself is safe.

S C E N E II.

Enter King, Princess, and Solyman.

King. Clear up, clear up, sweet *Erythæa*,
That Cloud that hangs upon thy Brow presages
A greater Storm than all the *Turkish* Power
Can throw upon us, methinks I see my Fortune
Settling her Looks by thine, and in thy Smile
Sits Victory, and in thy Frown our Ruin:

Why should not Hope
As much erect our Thoughts, as Fear deject them?

Why should we
Anticipate our Sorrows? 'tis like those

R 3

That

That die for fear of Death:

What is't you doubt, his Courage, or his Fortune?

Princess. Envy it self could never doubt his Courage.

King. Then let not Love do worse, by doubting that
Which is but Valour's Slave; a wise well-temper'd
Valour,

For such is his, those Giants Death and Danger,
Are but his Ministers, and serve a Master
More to be fear'd than they; and the blind Goddess
Is led amongst the Captives in his Triumph.

Princess. I had rather she had Eyes, for if she saw him
Sure she would love him better; but admit
She were at once a Goddess, and his Slave,
Yet Fortune, Valour, all is overborn
By Numbers: as the long resisting Bank
By the impetuous Torrent.

King. That's but Rumor:

Ne'er did the *Turk* invade our Territory,
But Fame and Terror doubled still their Files:
But when our Troops encountred, then we found
Scarce a sufficient matter for our Fury. [*One brings*
Solyman conduct him in, [*word of a Messenger.*
'Tis surely from the Prince.

Enter Post, and delivers a Letter. [well.

King. Give it our Secretaries, I hope the Prince is

Post. The Letter will inform you. [*Enter a Mess.*

Mess. Sir, the Lords attend you. [*Ex. Princess. En-*

King. What News from the Army? [*ter Lords.*

Lord. Please you to hear the Letter?

King. Read it.

[throw,

Lord. The *Turk*, enrag'd with his last Year's over-
Hath

Hath re-inforc'd his Army with the choice of all his
And the Flow'r of his whole Empire; we [Janizars,
Understand by some Fugitives, that he hath Com-
manded

The Generals to return with Victory, or expect
A shameful Death: what I shall further do,
(Their Numbers five times exceeding ours)
I desire to receive Directions from Your Majesty's
Command.

King. Sed away all your Guards,
Let fresh Supplies of Victuals, and of Mony —

Lord. Your Treasures
Are quite exhausted, the Exchequer's empty.

King. Send to the Bankers.

Ab. Sir, upon your late Demands
They answered they were Poor.

King. Sure the Villains hold a Correspondence
With the Enemy, and thus they would betray us:
First give us up to Want, then to Contempt,
And then to Ruin; but tell those Sons of Earth
I'll have their Mony, or their Heads.
'Tis my Command, when such Occasions are,
No Plea must serve; 'tis Cruelty to spare.

Another Messenger. [Exeunt Lords.

King. The Prince, transported with his youthful
I fear, hath gone too far: 'tis some Disaster, (heat,
Or else he would not send so thick: well, bring him in:
I am prepar'd to hear the worst of Evils.

Enter Solyman and two Captains.

Capt. kisses his Hand.

King. What, is the Prince besieged in his Trenches,

And lost his Army, or his Liberty?
 Tell me what Province they demand for Ransom:
 Or if the worst of all Mishaps hath fallen,
 Speak, for he could not die unlike himself:
 Speak freely; and yet methinks I read
 Something of better fortune in thy Looks,
 But dare not hope it.

Capt. Sir, the Prince lives.

King. And hath not lost his Honour?

Capt. As safe in Honour as in Life.

King. Nor Liberty?

Capt. Free as the Air he breathes.

King. Return with speed:

Tell him he shall have Money, Victuals, Men,
 With all the haste they can be levied. Farewel.

[*Offers to go.*

Capt. But Sir, I have one word more.

King. Then be brief.

Capt. So now you are prepar'd; and I may venture.

King. What is't?

Capt. Sir, a Father's Love mixt with a Father's Care,
 This shewing Dangers greater, and that nearer,
 Have rais'd your Fearstoo high; and those remov'd
 Too suddenly, would let in such a Deluge
 Of Joy, as might oppress your Aged Spirits,
 Which made me gently first remove your Fears,
 That so you might have room to entertain
 Your fill of Joy: Your Son's a Conquerour.

King. Delude me not with feigned Hopes, false Joys,
 It cannot be. And if he can but make
 A fair Retreat, I shall account it more

Than

Than all his former Conquests, (those huge Numbers

Arm'd with Despair) the Flow'r of all the Empire.

Capt. Sir, I have not us'd to tell you Tales, or Fables,

And why should you suspect your Happiness,
Being so constant? On my Life 'tis true, Sir.

King. Well, I'll no more suspect
My Fortune, nor thy Faith:

Thou and thy News most welcom: *Solyman*

Go call the *Princess* and the *Lords*, they shall

Participate our Joys, as well as Cares.

Enter Princess and Lords.

King. Fair Daughter, blow away those Mists and
Clouds,

And let thy Eyes shine forth in their full Lustre;

Invest them with thy loveliest Smiles, put on

Thy choicest Looks: his coming will deserve them.

Princess. What, is the Prince return'd with
Safety?

'Tis beyond belief, or hope.

King. Ay, sweet *Erythæa*;

Laden with Spoils and Honour: all thy Fears,

Thy wakeful Terrors, and affrighting Dreams,

Thy Morning Sighs, and Evening Tears, have now

Their full Rewards. And you my Lords,

Prepare for Masques and Triumphs: Let no circumstance

Be wanting, that becomes

The greatness of our State, or Joy.

Behold he comes.

Enter

*Enter Prince with Captain, and two
Captive Bashaws.*

King. Welcom brave Son, as welcom to thy Father
As *Phæbus* was to *Jove*, when he had slain
Th' ambitious Giants that assail'd the Sky;
And as my Power resembles that of *Jove's*,
So shall thy Glory like high *Phæbus* shine
As bright and as immortal.

Prince. Gr at Sir, all acquisition
Of Glory as of Empire, here I lay before
Your Royal Feet, happy to be the instrument
To advance either: Sir I challenge nothing,
But am an humble Suitor for these Prisoners,
The late Commanders of the *Turkish* Powers,
Whose Valours have deserv'd a better Fortune.

King. Then what hath thine deserv'd? they're
thine brave *Mirza*.

Worthy of all thy Royal Ancestors,
And all those many Kingdoms, which their Virtue,
Orgot, or kept, though thou hadst not been born to't.
But Daughter, still your looks are sad,
No longer I'll defer your Joys, go take him
Into thy chaste Embrace, and whisper to him
That Welcom which those Blushes promise.

[*Exit King.*]

Prince. My *Erythæa*, why entertain'st thou with
so sad a Brow
My long desir'd Return? thou wast wont
With Kisses and sweet Smiles, to welcom home
My Victories, though bought with Sweat and Blood,
And long expected.

Prin-

Princess. Pardon Sir;

'Tis with our Souls

As with our Eyes, that after a long Darkneſs
Are dazled at the Approach of ſudden Light:

When i'th' miſt of Fears we are ſurpriz'd

With unexpected Happineſs: the firſt

Degrees of Joy are meer Aſtoniſhment.

And 'twas ſo lately in a dreadful Dream

I ſaw my Lord ſo near Deſtruction,

Deprived of his Eyes, a wretched Captive;

Then ſhriekt my ſelf awake, then ſlept again

And dreamt the ſame; my ill preſaging Fancy

Suggeſting ſtill 'twas true.

Prince. Then I forgive thy ſadneſs, ſince Love
cauſ'd it,

For Love is full of Fears; and Fear the ſhadow

Of Danger, like the ſhadow of our Bodies,

Is greater then, when that which is the cauſe

Is fartheſt off.

Princess. But ſtill there's ſomething

That checks my Joys,

Nor can I yet diſtinguiſh

Which is an Apparition, this, or that.

Prince. An Apparition?

At Night I ſhall reſolve that doubt, and make

Thy Dreams more pleaſing.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Haly and Mirvan.

Mir. The time has been, my Lord,

When I was no ſuch ſtranger to your Thoughts.

You were not wont to wear upon your Brow

A

A Frown or Smile, but still have thought me worthy,
At least to know the cause.

Ha. 'Tis true,
Thy Breast hath ever been the Cabinet
Where I have lockt my Secrets.

Mir. And did you ever find
That any Art could pick the Lock, or Pow'r
Could force it open?

Ha. No, I have ever found thee
Trusty and secret. But is't observ'd i'th' Court
That I am sad? [course,

Mir. Observ'd? 'tis all Mens Wonder and Dis-
That in a Joy so great, so universal,
You should not bear a part.

Ha. Discourst of too?

Mir. Nothing but Treason
More commonly, more boldly spoken.
So singular a Sadness
Must have a Cause as strange as the Effect:
And Grief conceal'd, like hidden Fire, consumes;
Which flaming out, would call in help to quench it.

Ha. But since thou canst not mend it,
To let thee know it, will but make it worse;
Silence and Time shall cure it.

Mir. But in Diseases when the Cause is known,
'Tis more than half the Cure: you have, my Lord,
My Heart to counsel, and my Hand to act,
And my Advice and Actions both have met
Success in things unlikely.

Ha. But this
Is such a Secret, I dare hardly trust it

To

To my own Soul. And though it be a Crime
In Friendship to betray a trusted Counsel,
Yet to conceal this were a greater Crime,
And of a higher Nature.

Mir. Now I know it,
And your endeavour to conceal it
Speaks it more plainly. 'Tis some Plot upon the
Prince. (search'd it,

Ha. Oh thou hast touch'd my Sore, and having
Now heal it if thou canst: The Prince hates me,
Or loves me not, or loves another better;
Which is all one. This being known in Court,
Has rendred me despis'd, and scorn'd of all:
For I that in his absence
Blaz'd like a Star of the first magnitude,
Now in his brighter Sun-shine am not seen:
No Applications now, no Troops of Suitors;
No Power, no not so much as to do Mischiefs.

Mir. My Lord, I am asham'd of you,
So ill a Master in an Art, so long
Profest, and practis'd by you, to be angry,
And angry with a Prince. And yet to shew it
In a sad Look, or womanish Complaint:
How can you hope to compass your Designs,
And not dissemble 'em? go flatter and adore him,
Stand first among the Crowd of his Admirers.

Ha. Oh I have often spread those Nets, but he
Hath ever been too wise to think them real.

Mir. However,
Dissemble still, thank him for all his Injuries;
Take 'em for Favours; if at last
You cannot gain him, some pretty nimble Poison

May

May do the Feat. Or if he will abroad,
Find him some brave and honourable Danger.

Ha. Have I not found him out as many Dangers
As *Juno* did for *Hercules*? yet he returns
Like *Hercules*, doubled in Strength and Honour.

Mir. If Danger cannot do it, then try Pleasure,
Which when no other Enemy survives,
Still conquers all the Conquerors. Endeavour
To soften his Ambition into Lust,
Contrive fit Opportunities, and lay
Baits for Temptation.

Ha. I'll leave nothing unattempted:
But sure this will not take; for all his Passions,
Affections, and Faculties, are Slaves
Only to his Ambition.

Mir. Then let him fall by his own Greatness,
And puff him up with glory, till it swell
And break him. First, betray him to himself,
Then to his Ruin: From his Virtues suck a Poyson,
As Spiders do from Flowers; praise him to his Father,
You know his Nature: Let the Prince's Glory
Seem to eclipse, and cast a Cloud on his;
And let fall something that may raise his Jealousie:
But lest he should suspect it, draw it from him
As Fishers do the Bait, to make him follow it.

Ha. But the old King is so suspicious.

Mir. But Withal
Most fearful: He that views a Fort to take it,
Plants his Artillery 'gainst the weakest part:
Work on his Fears, till Fear hath made him cruel;
And Cruelty shall make him fear again.

Methinks (my Lord) you that so oft have founded
And fathom'd all his Thoughts, that know the Deeps
And Shollows of his Heart, should need no Instru-
ments

To advance your Ends; his Passions, and his Fears
Lie Liegers for you in his Breast, and there
Negotiate your Affairs.

Enter King, Solyman, and Lords to them.

King. Solyman, be it your Care to entertain the
Captains,

And the Prisoners, and an use them kindly.

Sol. Sir, I am not for Entertainments now I am
Melancholy.

King. What, griev'd for your good Fottune?

Sol. No Sir, but now the Wars are done, we have
no Pretences

To put off Creditors: I am haunted, Sir:

King. Not with Ghosts?

Sol. No Sir,

Material and Substantial Devils.

King. I know the Cause, what is't thou ow'st them?

Sol. Not much Sir, but so much as spoils me for a
good Fellow;

'Tis but 2000 Dollars. A small sum—to you Sir.

King. Well, it shall be paid.

Sol. Then if the Devil come, for drinking let me
alone with him.

Well, Drink, I love thee but too well already,

But I shall love thee better hereafter: I haven often

Drunk my self into Debt, but never out of Debt till
now.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Prince, Haly, Captains, Prisoners, and
Bashawes,*

Prince. **P**Ray let these Strangers find such Enter-
tainment
As you would have desir'd,
Had but the chance of War determin'd it
For them, as now for us. And you, brave Enemies,
Forget your Nation, and ungrateful Master;
And know that I can set so high a Price
On Valour, though in Foes, as to reward it
With Trust and Honour.

I Bashaw. Sir, your twice-conquered Vassals,
First by your Courage, then your Clemency,
Here humbly vow to sacrifice their Lives,
(The Gift of this your unexampled Mercy)
To your Command and Service.

Prince to Haly. I pray, my Lord, second my
Suit;
I have already mov'd the King in private,
That in our next Year's Expedition they may have
Some Command.

Ha. I shall, my Lord,
And glad of the Occasion. [*Aside.*
I wonder, Sir, you'll leave the Court, the Sphere
Where

Where all your Graces in full Lustre shine.

Prince. Ay, *Haly*, but the Reputation
Of virtuous Actions past, if not kept up
With an access, and fresh supply of new ones,
Is lost and soon forgotten; and like Palaces,
For want of Habitation and Repair,
Dissolve to heaps of Ruin.

Ha. But can you leave, Sir,
Your Old Indulgent Father, and forsake
The Embraces of so fair, so chaste a Wife?
And all the Beauties of the Court besides,
Are mad in Love, and dote upon your Person:
And is't not better sleeping in their Arms,
Than in a cold Pavilion in the Camp;
Where your short Sleeps are broke and interrupted
With Noises and Alarms? (spise

Prince. *Haly*, thou know'st not me, how I de-
These short and empty Pleasures; and how low
They stand in my Esteem, which ev'ry Peasant,
The meanest Subject in my Father's Empire,
Enjoys as fully, in as high Perfection
As he or I; and which are had in common
By Beasts as well as Men: wherein they equal,
If not exceed us; Pleasures to which we're led
Only by Sense, those Creatures which have least
Of Reason, most enjoy.

Ha. Is not
The Empire you are born to, a Scene large enough
To Exercise your Virtues? There are Virtues
Civil as well as Military; for the one
You have given the World an ample Proof already:
S Now

Now exercise the other, 'tis no less
 To Govern justly, make your Empire flourish
 With wholsom Laws, in Riches, Peace, and Plenty,
 Than by the expence of Wealth and Blood to make
 New Acquisitions.

Prince. That I was born so great, I owe to Fortune,

And cannot pay that Debt, till Virtue set me
 High in Example, as I stand in Title;
 Till what the World calls Fortune's Gifts, my Actions
 May stile their own Rewards, and those too little.
 Princes are then themselves, when they arise
 More Glorious in Mens Thoughts than in their Eyes.

Ha. Sir, your Fame
 Already fills the World, and what is infinite
 Cannot receive Degrees, but will swallow
 All that is added; as our *Caspian* Sea
 Receives our Rivers, and yet seems not fuller:
 And if you tempt her more, the Wind of Fortune
 May come about, and take another Point,
 And blast your Glories.

Prince. No,
 My Glories are past Danger, they're full blown:
 Things that are blasted, are but in the Bud;
 And as for Fortune, I nor love, nor fear her:
 I am resolv'd, go *Haly*, flatter still your Aged Master,
 Still sooth him in his Pleasures, and still grow
 Great by those Arts.
 Well, farewell Court,
 Where Vice not only hath usurpt the Place,
 But the Reward, and even the Name of Virtue.

Ha.

Ha. Still, still,
 Slighted and scorn'd; yet this Affront
 Hath stamp'd a noble Title on my Malice,
 And married it to Justice. The King is Old,
 And when the Prince succeeds,
 I'm lost past all Recovery: then I
 Must meet my Danger, and destroy him first;
 But cunningly, and closely, or his Son
 And Wife, like a fierce Tygres will devour me.
 There's Danger ev'ry way; and since 'tis so,
 'Tis brave, and noble, when the falling weight
 Of my own Ruin crushes those I hate:
 But how to do it, that's the work, he stands
 So high in reputation with the People,
 There's but one way, and that's to make his Father
 The Instrument, to give the name, and Envy
 To him; but to my self the Prize and Glory.
 He's Old and Jealous, apt for Suspensions, 'gainst
 which Tyrants Ears
 Are never clos'd. The Prince is Young,
 Fierce, and Ambitious, I must bring together
 All these Extreame; and then remove all Mediums,
 That each may be the others Object.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. My Lord,
 Now if your Plots be ripe, you are befriended
 With Opportunity; the King is melancholy,
 Apted for any ill Impressions.
 Make an Advantage of the Prince's Absence,
 Urge some suspected Cause of his departure,
 Use all your Art: he's coming.

[*Exit Mir.*
Enter

Enter King.

Ha. Sir, have you known an Action of such Glory
Less swell'd with Ostentation, or a Mind
Less tainted with Felicity? 'tis a rare Temper in
the Prince.

King. Is it so rare to see a Son so like
His Father? Have not I performed Actions
As great, and with as great a Moderation?

Ha. Ay Sir, but that's forgotten.
Actions o' th' last Age, are like Almanacks o' th' last
Year.

King. 'Tis well; but with all his Conquests, what
I get in Empire
I lose in Fame: I think my self no Gainer.
But am I quite forgotten?

Ha. Sir, you know
Age breeds neglect in all, and Actions
Remote in Time, like Objects
Remote in Place, are not beheld at half their great-
ness;

And what is new finds better acceptance,
Than what is good or great: yet some Old Men
Tell Stories of you in their Chimney-corners.

King. No otherwise?

Ha. They're all so full of him: some magnifie
His Courage, some his Wit, but all admire
A Greatness so familiar.

King. Sure *Haly*.

Thou hast forgot thy self: art thou a Courtier,
Or I a King? my Ears are unacquainted
With such bold Truths; especially from thee.

Ha.

Ha. Sir, when I am call'd to't, I must speak
Boldly and plainly.

King. But with what Eagerness, what Circum-
stance,

Unaskt, thou tak'st such pains to tell me only
My Son's the better Man.

Ha. Sir, where Subjects want the Privilege
To speak; there Kings may have the Privilege
To live in Ignorance.

King. If 'twere a Secret that concern'd my Life
Or Empire, then this Boldness might become thee;
But such unnecessary Rudeness favours
Of some Design.

And this is such a false and sqint-ey'd Praise,
Which seeming to look upwards on his Glories,
Looks down upon my Fears; I know thou hat'st him;
And like infected Persons fain wouldst rub
The Ulcer of thy Malice upon me.

Ha. Sir, I almost believe you speak your Thoughts,
But that I want the Guilt to make me fear it.

King. What mean these guilty Blushes then?

Ha. Sir, if I blush, it is because you do not,
To upbraid so try'd a Servant, that so often
Have wak'd that you might sleep; and been expos'd
To Dangers for your Safety.

King. And therefore think'st
Thou art so wrapt, so woven into all
My Trusts and Counsels, that I now must suffer
All thy Ambition aims at.

Ha. Sir, if your Love grows weary,

And thinks you have worn me long enough, I'm
willing

To be left off; but he's a foolish Seaman,
That when his Ship is sinking, will not
Unlade his Hopes into another Bottom.

King. I understand no Allegories.

Ha. And he's as ill a Courtier, that when
His Master's old, desires not to comply
With him that must succeed.

King. But if
He will not be comply'd with?

Ha. Oh Sir,
There's one sure way, and I have known it pra-
ctis'd

In other States.

King. What's that?

Ha. To make
The Father's Life the Price of the Son's favour,
To walk upon the Graves of our dead Masters
To our own security.

[*King starts, and scratches his Head.*]

Ha. 'Tis this must take: [*aside.*] Does this plain-
ness please you, Sir?

King. *Haly*, thou know'st my Nature, too too apt
To these Suscipions; but I hope the Question
Was never mov'd to thee?

Ha. In other Kingdoms, Sir.

King. But has my Son no such Design?

Ha. Alas,
You know I hate him; and should I tell you
He had, you'd say it was but Malice.

King.

King. No more of that good *Haly*, I know thou lov'st me:

But lest the care of future Safety tempt thee
To forfeit present Loyalty; or present Loyalty
Forfeit thy future Safety,

I'll be your Reconciler: call him hither.

Ha. Oh Sir, I wish he were within my call, or yours.

King. Why, where is he?

Ha. He has left the Court, Sir.

King. I like not these Excursions, why so suddenly?

Ha. 'Tis but a fally of Youth, yet some say he's discontented.

King. That grates my Heart-strings. What should discontent him?

Except he thinks I live too long.

Ha. Heav'n forbid:

And yet I know no Cause of his departure;
I am sure he's honoured, and lov'd by all;
The Soldiers God, the Peoples Idol.

King. Ay, *Haly*,
The *Persians* still worship the rising Sun.
But who went with him?

Ha. None but the Captains.

King. The Captains? I like not that.

Ha. Never fear it, Sir:

'Tis true, they love him but as their General, not
their Prince.

And though he be most forward and ambitious,
'Tis temper'd with so much Humility.

King. And so much the more dangerous;

There are some that use
Humility to serve their Pride, and seem
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wisht Journey's end.

Ha. Sir, I know not
What ways or ends you mean; 'tis true
In popular States, or where the Princes Title
Is weak, and must be propt by the Peoples Power;
There by familiar ways 'tis necessary
To win on Mens Affections. But none of these
Can be his end.

King. But there's another end.
For if his Glories rise upon the Ruins
Of mine, why not his Greatness too?

Ha. True Sir,
Ambition is like Love, impatient
Both of Delays and Rivals. But Nature——

King. But Empire——

Ha. I had almost forgot Sir, he has
A Suit to your Majesty.

King. What is't?

Ha. To give the *Turkish* Prisoners some Com-
mand

In the next Action.

King. Nay, then 'tis too apparent,
He fears my Subjects Loyalty,
And now must call in Strangers, & come deal plainly,
I know thou can't discover more.

Ha. I can discover, Sir,
The depth of your great Judgment in such Dangers.

King. What shall I do, *Haly*?

Ha.

Ha. Your Wisdom is so great, it were Presumption for me to advise.

King. Well, we'll consider more of that, but for the present [thee

Let him with speed be sent for. *Mahomet* I thank I have one faithful Servant, honest *Haly*.

[Exit King.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. How did he take it?

Ha. Swallow'd it as greedily
As parched Earth drinks Rain.
Now the first part of our design is over,
His Ruin; but the second, our Security,
Must now be thought on.

Mir. My Lord, you are too sudden; though his
Determine rashly, yet his colder Fear [Fury
Before it executes, consults with Reason,
And that not satisfied with shews, or shadows,
Will ask to be convinc'd by something real;
Now must we frame some Plot, and then discover it.

Ha. Or intercept some Letter, which our selves
Had forg'd before.

Mir. And still admire the Miracle,
And thank the Providence.

Ha. Then we must draw in somebody
To be the publick Agent, that may stand
'Twixt us and danger, and the Peoples Envy.

Mir. Who fitter than the grand *Caliph*?
And he will set a grave religious Face
Upon the business.

Ha. But if we cannot work him,

For

For he's so full of foolish Scruples;
Or if he should prove false, and then betray us.

Mir. Betray us? sure, my Lord, your Fear has
blinded

Your Understanding; for what serves the King?
Will not his threats work more than our persuasions,
While we look on, and laugh, and seem as ignorant
As unconcern'd; and thus appearing Friends
To either side, on both may work our ends.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Turkish *Bashaws*
Desire access.

Ha. Admit 'em, I know their business.

Mir. They long to hear with what success you
The King in their behalf. [mov'd

Ha. But now they're come, I'll make 'em do my
Better than I did their theirs. [business

Mir. Leave us a while.

Enter two Bashaws. [Prince,

Ha. My Lords, my Duty and Affection to the
And the Respects I owe to Men of Honour,
Extort a secret from me, which yet I grieve to utter:
The Prince departing, left to me the care
Of your Affairs, which I, as he commanded,
Have recommended to the King, but with so unlookt
A success—— [for

1 *Bas.* My Lord, fear not to speak our doom,
while we

Fear not to hear it: we were lost before,
And can be ready now to meet that Fate
We then expected.

Ha.

Ha. Though he that brings unwelcom News
 Has but a losing Office, yet he that shews
 Your danger first, and then your way to safety,
 May heal that wound he made. You know the King
 With jealous Eyes hath ever lookt awry
 On his Son's actions, but the Fame and Glory
 Of the last War hath rais'd another Spirit;
 Envy and Jealousie are twin'd together,
 Yet both lay hid in his dissembled Smiles,
 Like two concealed Serpents, till I, unhappy I,
 Moving this question, trod upon them both,
 And rous'd their sleeping angers; then casting from
 him

His doubts, and straight confirm'd in all his fears,
 Decrees to you a speedy Death, to his own Son
 A close Restraint: but what will follow
 I dare not think; you by a sudden flight may find
 your safety.

2 *Bas.* Sir, Death and we are not such strangers,
 That we should make Dishonour, or Ingratitude,
 The price of Life; it was the Prince's gift,
 And we but wear it for his sake and service.

Ha. Then for his sake and service.
 Pray follow my advice: though you have lost the
 favour

Of your unworthy Master; yet in the Provinces
 You lately governed, you have those Dependences
 And Interests, that you may raise a Power
 To serve the Prince: I'll give him timely notice
 To stand upon his guard.

1 *Bas.* My Lord, we thank you,

But

But we must give the Prince Intelligence,
Both when, and how to imploy us.

Ha. If you will write,
Commit it to my care and secrecy,
To see it safe convey'd.

2 Bas. We shall, my Lord.

[*Ex.*

Ha. These Men were once the Prince's Foes, and
then

Unwillingly they made him great: but now
Being his Friends, shall willingly undo him;
And which is more, be still his Friends.

What little Arts govern the World! we need not
An armed Enemy, or corrupted Friend;

When Service but misplac'd, or Love mistaken
Performs the work: Nor is this all the use

I'll make of them; when once they are in Arms,
Their Master shall be wrought to think these Forces
Rais'd against him; and this shall so endear me
To him, that though dull Virtue and the Gods
O'ercome my subtle Mischief, I may find

A safe Retreat, and may at least be sure,
If not more mighty, to be more secure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King and Haly.

King. **B**Ut *Haly*, What Confederates has the Prince
In his Conspiracy?

Ha.

Ha. Sir, I can yet suspect
None but the *Turkish* Prisoners, and that only
From their laten sudden flight.

King. Are they fled? For what?

Ha. That, their own fears best know; their En-
tertainment

I'm sure was such as could not minister
Suspicion or Dislike: but sure they're conscious
Of some intended mischief, and are fled
To put it into act.

King. This still confirms me more;
But let 'em be pursu'd: let all the passages
Be well secur'd, that no Intelligence
May pass between the Prince and them.

Ha. It shall be done, Sir.

King. Is the *Caliph* prepar'd?

Ha. He's without, Sir,
And waits your Pleasure.

King. Call him.

Enter Caliph.

King. I have a great design to act, in which
The greatest part is thine. In brief 'tis this,
I fear my Son's high Spirit; and suspect
Designs upon my Life and Crown.

Ca. Sure, Sir, your Fears are causeless;
Such Thoughts are Strangers to his noble Soul.

King. No, 'tis too true; I must prevent my Danger,
And make the first attempt: there's no such way
To avoid a Blow, as to strike first, and sure.

Ca. But, Sir, I hope my Function shall exempt me
From bearing any part in such Designs.

King.

King. Your Function! [*Laughs*] Do you think
that Princes

Will raise such Men so near themselves for nothing?

We but advance you to advance our purposes:

Nay, even in all Religion,

Their Learned'st, and their seeming holiest Men, but
serve

To work their Masters ends; and varnish o'er

Their Actions, with some specious pious colour:

No scruples; do't, or by our holy Prophet,

The Death my Rage intends to him, is thine.

Ca. Sir, 'tis your part to will, mine to obey.

King. Then be wise and sudden.

Enter Lords as to Council. Abdal, Morat.

Ca. My Lords, it grieves me to relate the cause
Of this Assembly; and 'twill grieve you all:

The Prince you know stands high in all those graces

Which Nature, seconded by Fortune, gives:

Wisdom he has, and to his Wisdom Courage;

Temper to that, and unto all Success. But

Ambition, the disease of Virtue, bred

Like surfeits from an undigested fullness,

Meets Death in that which is the means of Life.

Great *Mahomet*, to whom our Sov'raign's Life

And Empire is most dear, appearing, thus

Advis'd me in a Vision; Tell the King,

The Prince his Son attempts his Life and Crown;

And though no Creature lives that more admires

His Virtues, nor affects his Person more

Than I; yet zeal and duty to my Sovereign

Have cancell'd all Respects; nor must we slight

The

The Prophets Revelation's.

Abd. Remember, Sir, he is your Son,
Indeared to you by a double bond,
As to his King, and Father.

King. And the remembrance of that double bond
Doubles my sorrows. 'Tis true,
Nature and Duty bind him to Obedience;
But being those placed in a lower sphere,
His fierce Ambition, like the highest mover,
Has hurried with a strong impulsive motion
Against their proper course. But since he has forgot
The Duty of a Son, I can forget
The Affections of a Father.

Abd. But Sir, in the beginning of Diseases
None try the extreamest Remedies.

King. But when they're sudden,
The Cure must be as quick; when I'm dead, you'll
say,

My fears have been too slow: Treasons are acted,
As soon as thought, though they are ne'er believ'd
Until they come to act.

Mor. But consider, Sir,
The greatness of the attempt, the People love him;
The Lookers-on, and the enquiring Vulgar
Will talk themselves to action: thus by avoiding
A danger but suppos'd, you tempt a real one.

King. Those Kings whom Envy, or the Peoples
Murmur
Deter from their own purposes, deserve not
Nor know not their own Greatness;
The Peoples Murmur, 'tis a sulphurous Vapour
Breath'd

Breath'd from the Bowels of the basest Earth;
 And it may foil and blast things near it self:
 But e'er it reach the Region we are plac'd in,
 It vanishes to Air; we are above
 The Sense or Danger of such Storms.

Cap. True, Sir, they are but Storms while Royalty
 Stands like a Rock; and the tumultuous vulgar,
 Like Billows rais'd with Wind (that's with Opinion)
 May roar, and make a Noise, and threaten;
 But if they rowl too near, they're dash't in pieces
 While they stand firm.

Abd. Yet Sir, Crowns are not plac'd so high,
 But vulgar hands may reach'em.

King. Then 'tis when they are plac'd on vulgar
 Heads.

Abd. But Sir,
 Look back upon your self; why should your Son
 Anticipate a hope so near, so certain? we may wish
 and pray
 For your long Life: but neither Prayers nor Power
 Can alter Fate's Decree, or Nature's Law.
 Why should he ravish then that Diadem
 From your gray Temples, which the hand of Time
 Must shortly plant on his?

King. My Lords,
 I see you look upon me as a Sun
 Now in his West, half buried in a Cloud,
 Whose Rays the vapours of approaching Night
 Have render'd weak and faint: But you shall find
 That I can yet shoot Beams, whose heat can melt
 The waxen Wings of this ambitious Boy.

Nor

Nor runs my Blood so cold, nor is my Arm
So feeble yet, but he that dares defend him,
Shall feel my Vengeance, and shall usher me
Into my Grave.

Abd. Sir, we defend him not,
Only desire to know his Crime: 'Tis possible
It may be some Mistake, or Mis-report,
Some false Suggestion, or malicious Scandal:
Or if Ambition be his fault, 'twas yours;
He had it from you when he had his Being:
Nor was't his fault, nor yours, for 'tis in Princes
A Crime to want it; from a noble Spirit
Ambition can no more be separated,
Then Heat from Fire: Or if you fear the Vision,
Will you suspect the noble Prince, because
This holy Man is troubled in his sleep?
Because his crazy Stomach wants concoction,
And breeds ill fumes; or his melancholy Spleen
Sends up phantastick vapours to his Brain:
Dreams are but Dreams, these causless fears become
Your noble Soul. [not

King. Who speaks another word
Hath spoke his last: Great *Mahomet* we thank thee,
Protector of this Empire, and this Life,
Thy cares have met my fears; this on presumptions
Strong and apparent, I have long presag'd:
And though a Prince may punish what he fears,
Without account to any but the Gods;
Wise States as often cut off Ills may be,
As those that are; and prevent purposes

T

Be-

Before they come to Practice; and foul Practices
 Before they grow to Act. You cannot but observe
 How he dislikes the Court, his rude departure,
 His honour from the People and the Soldiers,
 His seeking to oblige the *Turks*, his Prisoners,
 Their sudden and suspected flight,
 And above all, his restless towering thoughts.

King. If the Business be important,
 Admit him.

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Mess. Sir, upon your late command
 To guard the passage, and search all Packets,
 This to the Prince was intercepted.

[*King opens it, and reads it to himself.*

King. Here *Abdal*, read it.

Abdal reads. Sir, we are assured how unnatural
 your Father's Intentions
 Are towards you, and how cruel towards us; we have
 Made an escape, not so much to seek our own,
 As to be Instruments of your Safety: We will be
 In Arms upon the Borders, upon your Command,
 Either to seek Danger with you, or to receive you
 If you please, to seek Safety with us.

King. Now my Lords,
 Alas my Fears are causeless and ungrounded,
 Fantastick dreams, and melancholy fumes
 Of crazy Stomachs, and distemper'd Brains:
 Has this convinc'd you?

Mor. Sir, we see
 Some reason you should fear, but whom, we know
 not;

'Tis

'Tis possible these *Turks* may play the Villains
Knowing the Prince the Life of all our hopes,
Staff of our Age, and Pillar of our Empire;
And having fail'd by Force, may use this Art
To ruin him, and by their Treason here
To make their Peace at home.
Now should this prove a Truth, when he has suf-
fer'd

Death, or Disgrace, which are to him the same,
'Twill be too late to say you were mistaken;
And then to cry him Mercy: Sir, we beseech you
Awhile suspend your doom, till time produce
Her wonted Off-spring, Truth.

King. And so expecting
The Event of what you think, shall prove the Expe-
riment

Of what I fear; but since he is my Son,
I cannot have such violent thoughts toward him,
As his towards me: he only shall remain
A Prisoner, till his Death, or mine, enlarge him.

[*Ex. Lords, Mor. Haly.*

Solyman peeps in.

King. Away, away, we're serious.

Sol. But not so serious to neglect your Safety.

King. Art thou in earnest?

Sol. Nay, Sir, I can be serious as well as my Betters.

King. What's the matter?

Sol. No, I am an inconsiderable Fellow, and know
nothing.

King. Let's haer that nothing then.

Sol. The *Turks*, Sir.

King. What of them?

Sol. When they could not overcome you by force,
they'll

Do it by treachery.

King. As how?

Sol. Nay, I can see as far into a Millstone, as another Man.

They have corrupted some ill-affected Persons.

King. What to do?

Sol. To nourish Jealousies 'twixt you and your Son.

King. My Son, Where is he?

Sol. They say he's Posting hither.

King. *Haly*, we are betray'd, prevented, look to
the Ports, and let

The Guards be doubled: how far's his Army hence?
Is the City in Arms to join with him?

Sol. Arms? and join with him? I understand you not.

King. Didst thou not say the Prince was coming?

Sol. I heard some foolish people say you had sent for
Him, as a Traitor, which to my apprehension was on
Purpose spoken to make you odious, and make him
desperate;

And so divide the People into Faction. A Plot of
Dangerous consequence, as I take it, Sir.

King. And is this all, thou sawcy trifling Fool?

Haly. Sir, this seeming Fool is a concealed dan-
gerous Knave;

Under their safe disguise he thinks he may say or do
Any thing: you'll little think him the chief Con-
spirator,

The

The only Spy t'inform the Prince of all is done in Court.

King. Let him be rack'd, till he confess
The whole Conspiracy.

Sol. Rack'd! I have told you all I know, and
more:

There's nothing more in me, Sir, but may be squeezed
Out without racking, only a stoop or two of Wine;
And if there had not been too much of that, you had
Not had so much of the other.

King. That's your cunning, Sirrah,

Sol. Cunning, Sir! I am no Politician; and was
ever thought to have

Too little Wit, and too much Plain-dealing for a
States-Man [Exit.

King. Away with him.

Ha. But something must be done, Sir, to fatisfie the
'Tis not enough to say he did design, [People:
Or plot, or think, but did attempt some Violence;
And then some strange miraculous Escape:
For which our Prophet must have publick thanks:
And this false colour shall delude the Eyes
Of the amuzed vulgar.

King. 'Tis well advis'd.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, his Highness is return'd.

King. And unconstrain'd? But with what change
of Countenance
Did he receive the Message?

Mess. With some Amazement;
But such as sprung from Wonder, not from Fear

It was so unexpected.

King. Leave us.

Haly, I ever found thee honest; truer to me
Than mine own Blood, and now's the time to shew it:
For thou art he my Love and Trust hath chosen
To put in action my design: Surprise him
As he shall pass the Galleries. I'll place
A Guard behind the Arras; when thou hast him,
Since blinded with Ambition, he did soar
Like a feel'd Dove, his Crime shall be his Punishment
To be depriv'd of sight, which see perform'd
With a hot steel: Now as thou lov'st my safety
Be resolute, and sudden.

Ha. 'Tis severe;

But yet I dare not intercede, it shall be done:
But is that word irrevocable?

King. Ay, as Years, or Ages past; relent not, if thou
dost — [Exit King.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Why so melancholy? is the design discover'd?

Ha. No, but I am made the Instrument,
That still endeavour'd to disguise my Plots
With borrow'd Looks, and make 'em walk in darkness;
To act 'em now my self; be made the mark
For all the Peoples Hate, the Princess Curses,
And his Son's Rage, or the old King's Inconstancy.
For this to Tyranny belongs,
To forget Service, but remember Wrongs.

Mir. But could you not contrive
Some fine pretence to cast it on some other?

Ha.

Ha. No, he dare trust no other: had I given
But the least touch of any private quarrel,
My Malice to his Son, not Care of him,
Had then begot this Service.

Mir. 'Tis but t'other Plot, my Lord; you know
The King by other Wives had many Sons:
Soffy is but a Child, and you already
Command the Emperor's Guard; procure for me
The Government o' th' City; when he dies,
Urge how unfortunate those States have been
Whose Princes are but Children; then set the Crown
Upon some other's head, that may acknowledge
And owe the Empire to your Gift.

Ha. It shall be done; *Abdal*, who commands
The City, is the Prince's Friend, and therefore
Must be displac'd, and thou shalt straight succeed him.
Thou art my better Genius, honest *Mirvan*;
Greatness we owe to Fortune, or to Fate;
But Wisdom only can secure that state. [Exit.

*Enter Prince at one Door, and Princess
at another.*

Princess. You're doubly welcome now, my Lord,
your coming
Was so unlookt for.

Prince. To me I'm sure it was;
Know'st thou the Cause? for sure it was important,
That calls me back so suddenly.

Princess. I am so ignorant,
I knew not you were sent for.
Waking I know no cause, but in my Sleep
My Fancy still presents such dreams and terrors,

As did *Andromache's* the night before
 Her *Heſtor* fell; but ſure 'tis more than Fancy,
 Either our Guardian Angels, or the Gods
 Inſpire us, or ſome natural Inſtinct
 Fore-tells approaching dangers.

Prince. How does my Father?

Princeſs. Still talks and plays with *Fatima*, but
 his Mirth

Is forc'd and ſtrain'd; in his Looks appears
 A wild diſtracted fierceneſs; I can read
 Some dreadful purpoſe in his Face; but where
 This diſmal Cloud will break, and ſpend his fury,
 I dare not think: pray Heav'n make falſe his fears.
 Sometimes his Anger breaks through all diſguiſes,
 And ſpares not Gods, nor Men; and then he ſeems
 Jealous of all the World: ſuſpects, and ſtarts,
 And looks behind him.

Enter Morat, as in haſte.

Mor. Sir, with hazard of my Life I've ventur'd
 To tell you, you are loſt, betray'd, undone;
 Rouze up your Courage, call up all your Counſels,
 And think on all thoſe ſtratagems which Nature
 Keeps ready to encounter ſudden dangers.

Prince. But pray, my Lord, by whom? for what
 offence?

Mor. Is it a time for ſtory, when each minute
 Begets a thouſand dangers? the Gods protect you.

Exit.

Prince. This Man was ever honeſt, and my Friend,
 And I can ſee in his amazed look,
 Something of danger; but in act or thought,

I never did that thing should make me fear it.

Princess. Nay, good Sir, let not so secure a Confidence

Betray you to your Ruin.

Prince. Prethee Woman

Keep to thy self thy Fears, I cannot know
There's such a thing in Nature; I stand so strong,
Inclosed with a double guard of Virtue,
And Innocence, that I can look on dangers,
As he that stands upon a Rock
Can look on Storms and Tempests. Fear and Guilt
Are the same thing; and when our actions are not,
Our Fears are Crimes.

And he deserves it less that guilty bears
A Punishment, than he that guiltless fears. [Ex.

Enter Haly and Torturers.

Ha. This is the place appointed, assist me Courage!
This hour ends all my Fears; but pause a while:
Suppose I should discover to the Prince
The whole Conspiracy, and so retort it
Upon the King; it were an handsome Plot,
But full of difficulties, and uncertain;
And he's so fool'd with down-right Honesty,
He'll ne'er believe it; and 'tis now too late;
The Guards are set, and now I hear him coming.

Enter Prince, stumbles at the Entrance.

Prince. 'Tis ominous, but I will on; Destruction
O'retakes as often those that flye, as those that boldly
meet it.

Ha. By your leave Prince, your Father greet; you.
Prince,

Prince. Unhand me, Traitors.

[*Haly casts a Scarf over his Face.*

Ha. That Title is your own, and we are sent to let you know it.

Prince. Is not that the Voice of *Haly*?

Haly. Ay, Virtuous Prince, I come to make you exercise

One Virtue more, your Patience.

Heat the Irons quickly.

Prince. Insolent Villain, for what Cause?

Ha. Only to gaze upon a while, until your Eyes are out.

Prince. O Villain, shall I not see my Father, To ask him what's my Crime? who my Accusers? Let me but try if I can wake his Pity From his Lethargick sleep.

Ha. It must not be, Sir.

Prince. Shall I not see my Wife, nor bid farewell To my dear Children?

Ha. Your Pray'rs are all in vain.

Prince. Thou shalt have half my Empire *Haly*, let me but

See the Tyrant, that before my Eyes are lost, They may dart pois'nous flashes like the Basilisk, And look him dead; These Eyes that still were open, Or to foresee, or to prevent his dangers, Must they be closed in Eternal Night? Cannot his thirst of Blood be satisfied With any but his own? And can his Tyranny Find out no other object but his Son? I seek not Mercy; tell him, I desire

To

To die at once, not to consume an Age
In lingring Deaths.

Ha. Our Ears are charm'd: Away with him,

Prince. Can ye behold (ye Gods) a wronged Innocent?

Or sleeps your Justice, like my Father's Mercy?

Or are you blind? as I must be.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Abdall and Morat.

Abd. **I** Ever fear'd the Prince's too much greatness
Would make him less: the greatest heights are
near

The greatest Precipice.

Mor. 'Tis in Wordly accidents
As in the World it self, where things most distant
Meet one another: Thus the East and West,
Upon the Globe, a Mathematick point
Only divides: Thus Happiness and Misery,
And all extreams, are still contiguous.

Abd. Or, if 'twixt Happiness and Misery there be
A distance, 'tis an Airy *Vacuum*;
Nothing to moderate, or break the fall.

Mor. But oh this Saint-like Devil!
This damned *Caliph*, to make the King believe
To kill his Son, 's Religion.

Abd.

Abd. Poor Princes, how are they mis-led!
 While they, whose sacred Office 'tis to bring
 Kings to obey their God, and Men their King;
 By these mysterious links to fix and tye
 Them to the Foot-stool of the Deity;
 Even by these Men, Religion, that should be
 The Curb, is made the Spur to Tyranny:
 They with their double Key of Conscience bind
 The Subjects Souls, and leave Kings unconfin'd;
 While their poor Vassals Sacrifice their Bloods
 T'Ambition; and to Avarice, their Goods:
 Blind with Devotion. They themselves esteem
 Made for themselves, and all the World for them;
 While Heav'n's great Law, given for their Guide, ap-
 Just, or unjust, but as it waits on theirs: [pears
 Us'd, but to give the Eccho to their Words,
 Power to their Wills, and Edges to their Swords.
 To varnish all their Errors, and secure
 The Ills they act, and all the World endure.
 Thus by their Arts Kings awe the World, while they
 Religion, as their Mistrefs, seem t'obey;
 Yet as their Slave Command her; while they seem
 To rise to Heav'n, they make Heav'n stoop to them.

Mor. Nor is this all, where feign'd Devotion bends
 The highest things, to serve the lowest ends:
 For if the many-headed Beast hath broke,
 Or shaken from his Neck the Royal Yoke,
 With popular Rage, Religion doth conspire,
 Flows into that, and swells the Torrent higher:
 Then Power's first Pedigree from Force derives,
 And calls to mind the old Prerogatives

Of free-born Man; and with a faucy Eye
 Searches the Heart and Soul of Majesty:
 Then to a strict account, and censure brings
 The Actions, Errors, the End of Kings;
 Treads on Authority, and Sacred Laws;
 Yet all for God, and his pretended Cause,
 Acting such things for him, which he in them,
 And which themselves in others will condemn;
 And thus engag'd, nor safely can retire,
 Nor safely stand, but blindly bold aspire,
 Forcing their hopes, even through despair, to climb
 To new attempts; disdain the present time,
 Grow from Disdain to Threats, from Threats to Arms;
 While they (though Sons of Peace) still sound th'A-
 larms:

Thus whether Kings or People seek extreams,
 Still Conscience and Religion are their Themes:
 And whatsoever Change the State invades,
 The Pulpit either forces, or perswades.
 Others may give the Fewel, or the Fire;
 But they the Breath, that makes the Flame, inspire.

Abd. This, and much more is true; but let not us
 Add to our ills, and aggravate Misfortunes
 By passionate Complaints, nor lose our selves,
 Because we have lost him; for if the Tyrant
 Were to a Son so noble, so unnatural;
 What will he be to us, who have appear'd
 Friends to that Son?

Mor. Well thought on, and in time;
 Farewel unhappy Prince, while we thy Friends,
 As Strangers to our Country, and our selves,

Seek

Seek out our Safety, and expect with Patience
Heav'n's Justice.

Ab. Let's rather act it, than expect it:
The Prince's Injuries at our hands require
More than our Tears, and Patience:
His Army is not yet disbanded,
And only wants a head; thither we'll flye,
And all who love the Prince, or hate the Tyrant,
Will follow us.

Mor. Nobly resolv'd; and either we'll restore
The Prince, or perish in the brave attempt.
Ye Gods, since what we mean to execute,
Is your high office (to avenge the Innocent)
Assist us with a Fortune, equal to
The Justice of our Action; lest the World
Should think it self deluded, and mistrust
That you want Will, or Power to be Just. [*Ex.*

Enter Haly.

Ha. 'Tis done, and 'twas my Master-piece, to work
My Safety 'twixt two dangerous extreams;
Now like a skilful Sailor have I past
Scylla and *Charybdis*, I have scap't the Rock
Of steep Ambition, and the gulf of Jealousie,
A danger less avoided, 'cause less fear'd.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. What's done, my Lord?

Ha. Enough, I warrant you; Imprison'd, and de-
priv'd of sight.

Mor. No more? This but provokes him: can you
Your self secure, and he alive? [*think*

Ha. The rest o' th' business will do it self;

He

He can as well endure a Prison, as a wild Bull the Net:
There let him struggle, and toyl himself to death,
And save us so much Envy.

Mir. But if his Father should relent, such Injuries
Can receive no excuse or colour, but to be
Transferr'd upon his Counsellors; and then
The forfeiture of them redeems his error.

Ha. We must set a mark upon his Passion,
And as we find it running low,
What ebbs from his, into our Rage shall flow.
Why should we be more wicked
Than we must needs?

Mir. Nay, if you stick at Conscience,
More gallant Actions have been lost, for want of being
Compleatly wicked, than have been perform'd
By being exactly virtuous. 'Tis hard to be
Exact in Good, or excellent in Ill;
Our Will wants Power, or else our Power wants
Skill. [Ex.

Enter Solyman and Tormentors.

Sol. But Gentlemen, was the King in earnest?
I can scarce believe it.

Tor. You will when you feel it.

Sol. I pray, have any of you felt it, to tell me what

Tor. No, Sir, but [it is?

Some of your Fellow-Courtiers can tell you,
That use something like it, to mend their shapes.

'Twill make you so straight and slender!

Sol. Slender! because I was slender in my Wits,
must I be drawn

Slender in my Waste? I'd rather grow wise,

And

And corpulent, like him they call *Abdomen*.

Tor. Come Sir, 'tis but a little stretching.

Sol. No, no more's hanging; and sure this will be the death of me:

I remember my Grandmother died of Convulsion Fits.

Tor. Come, Sir, prepare, prepare.

Sol. Ay, for another World: I must repent first.

Tor. Quickly then.

Sol. Then first I repent that Sin of being a Courtier. And secondly, the greatest Sin one can commit in that place, the speaking of Truth.

Tor. Have you no more Sins?

Sol. Some few trifles more, not worth the remembering;

Drinking, and Whoring, and Swearing, and such like: But for those let 'em pass.

Tor. Have you done now?

Sol. Only some good Counsel to the Standers by.

Tor. We thank you for that, Sir.

Sol. Nay, Gentlemen, mistake me not;

'Tis not that I love you, but because 'tis a thing of course.

For dying Men.

Tor. Let's have it then.

Sol. First then, if any of you are Fools (as I think that

But a needless question) be Fools still, and labour still In that Vocation, then the worst will be but whipping;

Where, but for seeming wise, the best is racking. But if you have the luck to be Court-Fools, those that have

Either

Either Wit or Honesty, you may fool withal, and spare not:

But for those that want either,
You'll find it rather dangerous than otherwise;
I could give you a modern
Instance or two, but let that pass: but if you happen
to be State-Fools, then 'tis
But fooling on the right side, and all's well; then
you shall at least be
Wise Mens Fellows, if not wise Mens Masters.
But of all things take heed of giving any Man good
Counsel,
You see what I have got by it; and yet like a Fool, must
I be doing on't again.

Tor. Is this all?

Sol. All, but a little in my own behalf. Remember, Gentlemen,
I am at full Growth, and my Joints are knit; and yet
My Sinews are not Cables.

Tor. Well, we'll remember't.

Sol. But stay, Gentlemen, what think you of a
Bottle now?

Tor. I hope you are more serious.

Sol. If you knew but how dry a thing this Sorrow is,
Especially meeting with my Constitution, which is
As thirsty as any Serving-Man's.

Tor. Let him have it, it may be 'twill make him
confess. [within me,

Sol. Yes, I shall, I shall lay before you all that's
And with most fluent Utterance.

Here's to you all Gentlemen, and let him that's good
U Na-

Natur'd in his Drink, pledge me. [*Drinks.*

So, methinks I feel it my Joynts already,

It makes 'em supple.

[*Drinks again.*

Now I feel it in my Brains, it makes 'em swim.

Tor. Hold, Sir, you have no measure of your self.

Sol. What do you talk of measure, you'll take
Measure of me with a vengeance?

Tor. You are witty, Sir.

Sol. Nothing but a poor Clinch;
I have a thousand of them (a Trick I learnt amongst
the States-men) [*Drinks again.*

Well Rack, I defie thee, do thy worst;

I would thou wer't Man, Giant, or Monster.

Gentlemen, now if I happen to fall asleep

Upon this Engine, pray wake me not too suddenly;

You see here's good store of Wine, and if it be

Over rack'd, 'twill come up with Lees and all;

There I was with you again, and now I am for you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, being Blind, Solus.

Prince. Nature,

How didst thou mock Mankind, to make him free,

And yet to make him fear; or when he lost

That Freedom, why did he not lose his Fear?

That Fear of Fears, the Fear of what we know not,

While yet we know it is in vain to fear it:

Death, and what follows Death, 'twas that that
stamp'd

A Terror on the Brow of Kings; that gave

Fortune her Deity, and *Jove* his Thunder.

Banish but fear of Death, those Giant names

Of Majesty, Power, Empire, finding nothing
To be their Object, will be nothing too:
Then he dares yet be free that dares to die,
May laugh at the grim Face of Law, and scorn
The cruel wrinkle of a Tyrant Brow:
But yet to die so tamely,
O'ercome by Passion and Misfortune,
And still unconquer'd by my Foes, sounds ill;
Below the temper of my Spirit:
Yet to embrace a Life so poor, so wretched,
So full of Deaths, argues a greater Dulness;
But I am dead already, nor can suffer
More in the other World. For what is Hell,
But a long sleepless Night? And what's their Torment,
But to compare past Joys with present Sorrows?
And what can Death deprive me of? the sight
Of Day, of Children, Friends, and hope of Empire;
And whatsoever others lose in Death,
In Life I am depriv'd of; then I will live
Only to die reveng'd: nor will I go
Down to the Shades alone.
Prompt me some witty, some revengeful Devil,
His Devil that could make a bloody Feast
Of his own Son, and call the Gods his Guests;
Her's that could kill her aged Sire, and cast
Her Brother's scatter'd Limbs to Wolves and Vultures;
Or his that slew his Father, to enjoy
His Mother's Bed; and greater than all those,
My Fathers Devil.
Come Mischief, I embrace thee; fill my Soul:
And thou Revenge ascend, and bear the Scepter

O'er all my Passions, banish thence

All that are cool, and tame.

Know, old Tyrant,

My Heart's too big to break, I know thy Fears

Exceed my Sufferings; and my Revenge,

Though but in Hope, is much a greater Pleasure

Than thou canst take in Punishing. Then my
Anger,

Sink to the Center of my Heart, and there

Lye close in Ambush, till my seeming Patience

Hath made the cruel Tyrant as secure,

Though with as little cause, as now he's Jealous.

Who's there?

[Enter two or three.

I find my Nature would return

To her old course, I feel an inclination

To some Repose; welcom thou pleasing Slumber:

A while embrace me in thy leaden Arms,

And charm my careful Thoughts:

Conduct me to my Bed.

[Exit.

Enter King, Haly and Caliph.

King. How do's the Prince? how bears he his
Restraint?

Ha. Why, Sir, as all great Spirits
Bear great and sudden Changes, with such impa-
tience

As a *Numidian* Lion, when first caught,
Endures the toyl that holds him.

He would think of nothing

But present Death, and sought all violent means

To compass it. But Time hath mitigated

Those furious Heats, he now returns to Food

And

And Sleep, admits the Conversation
Of those that are about him.

King. I would I had not
So easily believ'd my Fears, I was too sudden;
I would it were undone.

Cal. If you lament it,
That which now looks like Justice, will be thought
An inconsiderate Rashness.

King. But there are in Nature
Such strong Returns! That I punisht him,
I do not grieve; but that he was my Son.

Ha. But it concerns you to bear up your Passion,
And make it good; for if the People know,
That you have cause to grieve for what is done,
They'll think you had no cause at first to do it.

King to the Cal. Go visit him from me, and teach
him Patience;
Since neither all his Fury, nor my Sorrow,
Can help what's past, tell him my Severity
To him shall in some measure be requited,
By my Indulgence to his Children. And if he de-
fire it,

Let them have access to him: endeavour to take off
His thoughts from Revenge, by telling him of
Paradise, and I know not what Pleasures
In the other World.

Cal. I shall, Sir.

[*Ex. King and Cal.*

Manet Haly. Enter Mirvan.

Ha. Mirvan, The King relents, and now there's
left

No Refuge but the last; he must be Poison'd:
And suddenly, lest he survive his Father.

Mir. But handsomly, lest it appear.

Ha. Appear!

To whom? you know there's none about him
But such as I have plac'd; and they shall say
'Twas Discontent, or Abstinence.

Mir. But at the best

'Twill be suspected.

Ha. Why though't be known,
We'll say he Poisoned himself.

Mir. But the curious will pry further
Than bare Report, and the old King's Suspicions
Have piercing Eyes.

Ha. But those Nature
Will shortly close: you see his old Disease
Grow strong upon him.

Mir. But if he should recover?

Ha. But I have cast his Nativity; he cannot, he
must not.

I th' mean time I have so besieg'd him,
So blockt up all the Passages, and plac'd
So many Centinels and Guards upon him,
That no Intelligence can be convey'd
But by my Instruments. But this business will require
More Heads and Hands than ours: Go you to the Prison,
And bring the Keeper privately to me,
To give him his Instructions. [*Ex. several ways.*]

Enter Prince and Caliph.

Cal. Sir, I am Commanded by the King
To visit you.

Prince.

Prince. What, to give a period to my Life,
And to his Fears? You're welcom; here's a Throat,
A Heart, or any other part, ready to let
In Death, and receive his Commands. [Death,

Cal. My Lord, I am no Messenger, nor Minister of
'Tis not my Function.

Prince. I should know that Voice. [Father

Cal. I am the *Caliph*, and am come to tell you, your
Is now return'd to himself: Nature has got
The Victory o'er Passion, all his Rigour
Is turn'd to Grief and Pity,

Prince. Alas good Man!
I pity him, and his Infirmities;
His Doubts, and Fears, and accidents of Age,
Which first provok'd his Cruelty.

Ca. He bid me tell you,
His Love to yours should amply recompence
His Cruelty to you: And I dare say 'tis real;
For all his Thoughts, his Pleasures, and Delights,
Are fixt on *Fatyma*: when he is sad,
She comforts him; when Sick, she's his Physician.
And were it not for the Delight he takes
In her, I think he'd die with Sorrow.

Prince. But how, are his Affections fixt so strangely
On her alone? sure 'tis not in his Nature;
For then he had lov'd me, or hated her,
Because she came from me.

Ca. 'Tis her Desert,
She's fair beyond Comparifon, and witty
Above her Age; and bears a Manly Spirit
Above her Sex.

Prince. But may not I admire her?
Is that too great a Happiness? pray let her make it
Her next Suit to be permitted to visit me her self.

Cal. She shall, Sir: I joy to see your Mind
So well compos'd; I fear'd I should have found
A Tempest in your Soul, and came to lay it.
I'll to the King;
I know to him that News will be
Most acceptable.

Prince. Pray do, and tell him
I have cast off all my Passions, and am now
A Man again; fit for Society
And Conversation.

Cal. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Prince. I never knew my self till now; how on
the sudden
I'm grown an excellent Dissembler, to out-do
One at the first, that has practis'd it all his Life:
So now I am my self again, what is't
I feel within? Methinks some vast design
Now takes possession of my Heart, and swells
My labouring Thoughts above the common bounds
Of human Actions, something full of horror
My Soul hath now decreed, my Heart does beat,
As if 'twere forging Thunder-bolts for *Jove*,
To strike the Tyrant dead: So, now I have it,
I have it, 'tis a gallant mischief,
Worthy my Father, or my Father's Son.
All his delight's in *Fatyma*, poor Innocent!
But not more innocent than I, and yet

My

My Father loves thee, and that's Crime enough.
By this Act, old Tyrant,
I shall be quit with thee: while I was Virtuous,
I was a Stranger to thy Blood, but now
Sure thou wilt love me for this horrid Crime,
It is so like thy own. In this I'm sure,
Although in nothing else, I am thy Son:
But when 'tis done, I leave him yet that remedy
I take my self, Revenge; but I as well
Will rob him of his Anger, as his Joy,
And having sent her to the Shades,
I'll follow her.

But to return again, and dwell
In his dire thoughts, for there's the blacker Hell.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, your Wife the Princess is come to visit
you.

Prince. Conduct her in. Now to my disguise again.

Enter Princess.

Princess. Is this my Lord the Prince?

Prince. That's *Erythæa*;

Or some Angel, Voic'd like her. 'Tis she, my struggling
Soul

Would fain go out to meet and welcom her. *Erythæa!*

No Answer but in sighs (dear *Erythæa*?)

Thou can'st to comfort, to support my Suff'rings,

Not to oppress me with a greater weight:

To see that my Unhappiness

Involves thee to.

Princess. My Lord, in all your Triumphs and your
Glories,

You

You call'd me into all your Joys, and gave me
An equal share, and in this depth of misery
Can I be unconcern'd? you needs must know,
You needs must hope I cannot; or which is worse,
You must suspect my Love: for what is Love
But Sympathy? And this I make my Happiness,
Since both cannot be happy,
That we can both be miserable.

Prince. I prethee do not say thou lov'st me;
For Love, or finds out Equals, or makes 'em so:
But I am so cast down, and fallen so low,
I cannot rise to thee, and dare not wish
Thou should'st descend to me; but call it Pity,
And I will own it then; that Kings may give
To Beggars, and not lessen their own Greatness.

Princess. Till now I thought Virtue had stood above
The reach of Fortune; but if Virtue be not,
Yet Love's a greater Deity: whatever Fortune
Can give or take, Love wants not, or despises;
Or by his own Omnipotence supplies:
Then like a God with joy beholds
The Beauty of his own Creations.
Thus what we Form and Image to our Fancies,
We really possess.

Prince. But can thy Imagination
Delude it self, to fix upon an Object
So lost in Miseries, so old in Sorrows;
Paleness and Death hang on my Cheek, and Darkness
Dwells in my Eyes; more chang'd from what I was
In Person than in Fortune.

Princess. Yet still the same to me:

Alas

Alas my Lord, these outward Beauties are but the
Props and Scaffolds

On which we built our Love, which now made perfect,
Stands without those Supports: nor is my flame
So earthy as to need the dull material Fuel
Of Eyes, or Lips, or Cheeks, still to be kindled,
And blown by Appetite, or else t'expire:
My Fires are purer, and like those of Heav'n,
Fed only, and contented with themselves,
Need nothing from without.

Prince. But the disgrace that waits upon Misfortune,
The meer Reproach, the Shame of being miserable,
Exposes Men to Scorn and base Contempt,
Even from their nearest Friends.

Princess. Love is so far from scorning Misery,
That he delights in't, and is so kindly cruel,
Sometimes to wish it, that he may be alone;
Instead of all, of Fortunes, Honour, Friends, which are
But meer Diversions from Love's proper Object,
Which only is it self.

Prince. Thou hast almost
Taught me to love my Miseries, and forgive
All my Misfortunes. I'll at least forget 'em;
We will revive those Times, and in our Memories
Preserve, and still keep fresh (like Flowers in Water)
Those happier days; when at our Eyes our Souls
Kindled their mutual Fires, their equal Beams
Shot and returned, 'till linkt, and twin'd in one,
They Chain'd our Hearts together.

Princess. And was it just, that Fortune should
begin

Her

Her Tyranny, where we began our Loves?
 No, if it had, why was not I blind too?
 I'm sure if weeping could have don't, I had been.

Prince. Think not that I am blind, but think it
 Night,

A season for our Loves, and which to Lovers
 Ne'er seems too long; and think of all our Miseries,
 But as some melancholy Dream which has awak'd us,
 To the renewing of our Joys.

Princess. My Lord, this is a temper
 Worthy the old Philosophers.

Prince. I but repeat that Lesson
 Which I have learnt from thee. All this Morality
 Thy Love hath taught me.

Princess. My Lord, you wrong your Virtue,
 T'ascribe the effect of that to any Cause
 Less noble than it self.

Prince. And you your Love,
 To think it is less noble, or less powerful,
 Than any the best Virtue: and I fear thy Love
 Will wrong it self: so long a stay will make
 The jealous King suspect we have been plotting:
 How do the Pledges of our former Love,
 Our Children?

Princess. Both happy in their Grandfires Love,
 especially
 The pretty *Fatyma*; yet she,
 According to her apprehension feels,
 A sense of your Misfortunes.

Prince. But let her not too much express it,
 Lest she provoke his Fury.

Prin-

Princess. She only can allay it
When 'tis provok'd; she
Plays with his Rage, and gets above his Anger;
As you have seen a little Boat
To mount and dance upon the Wave, that threatens
To overwhelm it.

Prince. To threaten is to save, but his Anger
Strikes us like Thunder, where the blow out-flies
The loud report, and even prevents Mens fears.

Princess. But then like Thunder
It rends a Cedar, or an Oak, or finds
Some strong resisting matter; Women and Children
Are not Subjects worthy a Prince's anger.

Prince. Whatsoever
Is worthy of their Love is worth their Anger.

Princess. Love's a more natural motion; they are
angry
As Princes, but love as Men.

Prince. Once more I beg,
Make not thy Love thy Danger.

Princess. My Lord, I see with what unwillingness
You lay upon me this Command, and through your
Fears

Discern your Love, and therefore must obey you. [*Exit.*

Prince. Farewel my dearest *Erythæa*.
There's a strange Musick in her Voice. The Story
Of *Orpheus*, which appears so bold a Fiction,
Was prophecy'd of thee; thy Voice has tam'd
The Tygers and the Lions of my Soul.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, your Daughter *Fatyma*.

Prince.

Prince. Conduct her in; how strangely am I
tempted
With Opportunity, which like a sudden gust
Hath swell'd my calmer Thoughts into a Tempest?
Accursed Opportunity!
The Midwife and the Bawd to all our Vices,
That work't our Thoughts into Desires, Desires
To Resolutions; those being ripe, and quickned,
Thou giv'st 'em Birth, and bring'st 'em forth to
Action.

Enter Fatyma and Messenger.

Prince. Leave us. O Opportunity!
That when my dire and bloody Resolutions,
Like sick and froward Children,
Were rockt asleep by Reason or Religion,
Thou like a violent noise cam'st rushing in,
And mak'st 'em wake and start to new Unquietness.
Come hither, pretty *Fatyma*,
Thy Grandfire's Darling, sit upon my Knee:
He loves thee dearly.

Fat. Ay Father, for your sake.

Prince. And for his sake I shall requite it.
O Virtue, Virtue,
Where art thou fled? thou art my Reason's Friend;
But that, like a deposed Prince, has yielded
His Scepter to his base usurping Vassals;
And like a Traitor to himself, takes pleasure
In serving them.

Fat. But Father,
I desir'd him that you might have liberty, and that
He

He would give you your Eyes again.

Prince. Pretty Innocence!

'Tis not i'th' Art, not Pow'r of Man to do it.

Fat. Must you never see again then, Father?

Prince. No, not without a Miracle.

Fat. Why Father, I can see with one Eye, pray
take one

Of mine.

Prince. I would her innocent Prate could over-
come me:

O what a Conflict do I feel! how am I

Toft like a Ship 'twixt two encountring Tides!

Love that was banisht hence, would fain return

And force an Entrance, but Revenge

(That's now the Porter of my Soul) is deaf,

Deaf as the Adder, and as full of Poison.

Mighty Revenge! that single canst o'erthrow

All those joint Powers, which Nature, Virtue, Ho-
nour,

Can raise against thee.

Fat. What do you seek for, your Handkerchief?
pray use mine,

To drink the bloody moisture from your Eyes;

I'll shew't my Grandfather,

I know 'twill make him weep.

Why do you shake, Father?

Just so my Grandfire trembled at the instant

Your Sight was ta'en away.

Prince. And upon the like occasion.

Fat. O Father, what means the Naked Knife?

Prince. 'Tis to requite thy Grandfire's Love. Prepare
To

To meet thy Death.

Fat. O, 'tis I, 'tis I,
Your Daughter *Fatyma*!

Prince. I therefore do it.

Fat. Alas, was this the Blessing my Mother sent
me to receive? [thing in that

Prince. Thy Mother! *Erythæa*! There's some-
That shakes my Resolution.

Poor *Erythæa*, how wretched shall I make thee,
To rob thee of Husband and a Child?

But which is worse, that first I fool'd and won thee
To a belief that all was well; and yet
Shall I forbear a Crime for love of thee,
And not for love of Virtué? But what's Virtue?

A meer imaginary sound, a thing
Of speculation; which to my dark Soul,
Depriv'd of Reason, is as indiscernable
As Colours to my Body, wanting sight.

Then being left to Sense, I must be guided
By something that my Sense grasps and takes hold of,
On then my Love, and fear not to encounter
That Giant, my Revenge. Alas, poor *Fatyma*!

My Father loves thee, so do's *Erythæa*:

Whether shall I by justly plaguing
Him whom I, hate, be more unjustly cruel
To her I love? Or being kind to her,

Be cruel to my self, and leave unsatisfied
My Anger and Revenge? but Love, thou art
The nobler Passion, and to thee I sacrifice

All my ungentle Thoughts. *Fatyma* forgive me,
And seal it with a Kiss: What is't I feel?

The

The Spirit of Revenge, reinforcing
New Arguments. Fly *Fatyma*,
Fly whilethou may'st, nor tempt me to new mischief,
By giving means to act it ; to this Ill
My Will leads not my Pow'r, but Pow'r my Will.
[*Ex. Fat.*

O what a Tempest have I 'scap'd, thanks to Heav'n,
And *Erythæa's* Love!

No: 'twas a poor, a low Revenge, unworthy
My Virtues, or my Injuries ; and
As now my Fame, so then my Infamy,
Would blot out his; And I, instead of his Empire,
Shall only be the Heir of all his Curses.

No: I'll be still my self, and carry with me
My Innocence to th'other World, and leave
My Fame to this: 'twill be a brave Revenge,
To raise my Mind to a Constancy, so high,
That may look down upon his Threats, my Patience
Shall mock his Fury; nor shall he be so happy
To make me miserable; and my Sufferings shall
Erect a prouder Trophy to my Name,
Than all my prosp'rous Actions: Every Pilot
Can steer the Ship in Calms, but he performs
The skilful part, can manage it in Storms.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Prince.

Prince. IF Happiness be a substantial Good,
 Not fram'd of accidents, nor subject to'em,
 I err'd to seek it in a blind Revenge,
 Or think it lost in loss of Sight, or Empire;
 'Tis something sure within us, not subjected
 To sense of sight, only to be discern'd
 By Reason, my Soul's Eye, and that still sees
 Clearly, and clearer for the want of these;
 For gazing through these Windows of the Body,
 It met such several, such distracting Objects;
 But now confin'd within it self, it sees
 A strange, and unknown World, and there discovers
 Torrents of Anger, Mountains of Ambition,
 Gulfs of Desire, and Towers of Hope, huge Giants,
 Monsters, and savage Beasts; to vanquish these,
 Will be a braver Conquest than the old
 Or the new World.
 O happiness of Blindness! now no Beauty
 Inflames my Lust; no others good, my Envy;
 Or Misery, my Pity; no Man's Wealth
 Draws my Respect, nor Poverty my Scorn;
 Yet still I see enough. Man to himself
 Is a large Prospect, rais'd above the level
 Of his low creeping Thoughts; if then I have
 A World within my self, that World shall be

My

My Empire; there I'll Reign, commanding freely,
And willingly obey'd, secure from Fear
Of Foreign Forces, or Domestick Treasons,
And hold a Monarchy more free, more absolute
Than in my Father's Seat; and looking down
With Scorn or Pity, on the slippery State
Of Kings, will tread upon the Neck of Fate. [*Ex.*

Enter Bashaws disguis'd, with Haly.

1 *Bash.* Sir, 'tis of near concernment, and imports
No less than the King's Life and Honour.

Ha. May not I know it?

Bash. You may, Sir. But in his Presence we are
T'impair it first to him. [*sworn*

Ha. Our *Persian* State descends not
To Interviews with Strangers: But from whence
Comes this Discovery, or you that bring it?

2 *Bash.* We are, Sir, of *Natolia*.

Ha. *Natolia*! Heard you nothing
Of two Villains that lately fled from hence?

1 *Bash.* The *Bashaws*, Sir?

Ha. The same.

2 *Bash.* They are nearer than you think for.

Ha. Where?

1 *Bash.* In *Persia*.

Ha. In Arms again to 'tempt another Slavery?

2 *Bash.* No, Sir, they made some weak attempts,
presuming on

The reputation of their former Greatness:
But having lost their Fame and Fortunes,
'Tis no wonder they lost their Friends; now hope-
less and forlorn

They are return'd, and somewhere live obscurely,
To expect a change in *Persia*; nor will't be hard
To find 'em.

Ha. Do't, and name your own Rewards.

2 Bash. We dare do nothing 'till we have seen the
And then you shall command us. [King,

Ha. Well, though 'tis not usual,
Ye shall have free Access. [Exit Haly.

Enter King and Haly.

1 Bash. Sir, there were two *Turkish* Prisoners lately
From hence for a suppos'd Conspiracy [fled
Between the Prince and them.

King. Where are the Villains?

1 Bash. This is the Villain, Sir; [They pull off
And we the wrongfully accus'd: their disguises.

You gave Life, Sir,

And we took it
As a free noble Gift; but when we heard
'Twas valued at the Price of your Son's Honour,
We came to give it back, as a poor trifle,
Priz'd at a rate too high.

King. Haly,

I cannot think my Favours plac'd so ill,
To be so ill requited; yet their Confidence
Has something in't that looks like Innocence.

Ha. Aside. Is't come to that? then to my last and
surest Refuge.

King. Sure if the Guilt were theirs, they could not
charge thee

With such a gallant Boldness: if 'twere thine,
Thou could'st not hear't with such a silent Scorn;

I am amaz'd.

Ha. Sir, perplex your Thoughts no farther,
They have Truth to make 'em bold;
And I have Power to scorn it: 'twas I, Sir,
That betray'd him, and you, and them.

King. Is this Impudence, or Madness?

Ha. Neither:

A very sober, and sad Truth——to you, Sir.

King. A Guard there.

Enter Mirvan, and others.

King. Seize him.

Ha. Seize them; now

Though 'tis too late to learn, yet know [jects
'Gainst you are King again, what 'tis to let your Sub-
Dispose all Offices of Trust and Power:
The Beast obeys his Keeper, and looks up,
Not to his Master's, but his Feeder's Hand;
And when you gave me Power to dispense
And make your Favours mine, in the same Hour
You made your self my shadow: and 'twas my Courtesie
To let you Live, and Reign so long.

King. Without there!

Enter two or three, and join with the others.

What, none but Traitors? Has this Villain
Breath'd Treason into all, and with that Breath,
Like a contagious Vapour, blasted Loyalty?
Sure Hell it self hath sent forth all her Furies,
T'inhabit and possess this place.

Ha. Sir, Passions without Power,
Like Seas against a Rock, but lose their Fury.

Mirvan, take these Villains, and see 'em strangled.

1 *Basb.* Farewel, Sir, commend us to your Son,
 let him know,
 That since we cannot die his Servants,
 We'll die his Martyrs.

King. Farewel, unhappy Friends,
 A long Farewel; and may you find Rewards
 Great as your Innocence; or, which is more,
 Great as your Wrongs.

2 *Basb.* Come, thou art troubled,
 Thou dost not fear to die?

1 *Basb.* No, but to lose my Death,
 To sell my Life so cheap, while this proud Villain
 That takes it must survive.

2 *Basb.* We shall not lose our Deaths,
 If Heav'n can hear the Cries of guiltless Blood,
 Which it sure must; for I have heard th' are loud ones;
 Vengeance shall overtake thee.

Ha. Away with 'em.

King. Stay, *Haly*, they are Innocent; yet Life,
 when 'tis thy Gift,
 Is worse than Death, I disdain to ask it.

1 *Basb.* And we to take it.

Ha. Do not ask it, Sir,
 For them, to whom you owe your Ruin, they have
 undone you;

Had not they told you this, you had liv'd secure,
 And happy in your Ignorance; but this Injury,
 Since 'tis not in your Nature to forgive it,
 I must not leave it in your Power to punish it.

King. Heav'n, though from thee I have deserv'd
 this Plague,

Be thou my Judge and Witness, from this Villain
'Tis undeserv'd.

Had I but felt your Vengeance from some hand
That first had suffer'd mine, it had been Justice:
But have you sent this sad return of all
My Love, my Trust, my Favours?

Ha. Sir, there's a great resemblance
Between your Favours, and my Injuries;
Those are too great to be requited, these
Too great to be forgiven: and therefore
'Tis but in vain to mention either.

King. Mirza, Mirza,
How art thou lost by my deceiv'd Credulity?
I'll beg thy Pardon.

Ha. Stay, Sir, not without my leave:
Go some of you, and let the People know
The King keeps State, and will not come in Publick:
If any great Affairs, or State Addresses,
Bring 'em to me.

King. How have I taught the Villain
To act my part? but oh, my Son, my Son,
Shall I not see thee?

Ha. For once you shall, Sir,
But you must grant me one thing.

King. Traitor, dost thou mock my Miseries?
What can I give but this unhappy Life?

Ha. Alas! Sir, it is but that I ask, and 'tis my Modesty
To ask it, it being in my Power to take it:
When you shall see him, Sir, to die for Pity,
'Twere such a thing, 'twould so deceive the World,
And make the People think you were good-natur'd;

'Twill look so well in Story, and become
The Stage so handsomely. [now

King. I ne'er deny'd thee any thing, and shall not
Deny thee this. Though I could stand upright
Under the Tyranny of Age and Fortune,
Yet the sad weight of such Ingratitude
Will crush me into Earth.

Ha. Lose not your Tears, but keep
Your Lamentations for your Son, or Sins ;
For both deserve 'em: but you must make haste, Sir,
Or he'll not stay your coming. [He looks upon
'Tis now about the Hour the Poison a Watch.
Must take effect.

King. Poison'd? oh Heav'n!

Ha. Nay, Sir, lose no time in Wonder, both of us
Have much to do; if you will see your Son,
Here's one shall bring you to him. [Exit King.
Some unskilful Pilot had shipwrackt here;
But I not only against sure
And likely Ills have made my self secure;
But so confirm'd, and fortify'd my State,
To set it safe above the reach of Fate. [Exit Haly.

Enter Prince led by a Servant, at the other Door
Princess and Soffy.

Serv. Sir, the Princess and your Son.

Prince. *Soffy*, thou com'st to wonder at
Thy wretched Father: why dost thou interrupt
Thy Happiness, by looking on an Object
So miserable? [Voice

Princess. My Lord, methinks there is not in your
The Vigour that was wont, nor in your Look
The

The wonted Chearfulness. Are you well, my Lord?

Prince. No: but I shall be. I feel my Health a coming.

Princess. What's your Disease, my Lord?

Prince. Nothing, but I have ta'en a Cordial,
Sent by the King or *Haly*, in requital
Of all my Miseries, to make me happy:
The Pillars of this Frame grow weak,
As if the weight of many Years oppress'd 'em;
My Sinews slacken, and an Icy stiffness
Begums my Blood.

Princess. Alas, I fear he's Poison'd:
Call all the help that Art, or Herbs, or Minerals
Can minister.

Prince. No, 'tis too late:
And they that gave me this, are too well practis'd
In such an Art, to attempt and not perform.

Princess. Yet try my Lord, revive your Thoughts,
the Empire
Expects you, your Father's dying.

Prince. So when the Ship is sinking,
The Winds that wrackt it cease.

Princess. Will you be the scorn of Fortune,
To come near a Crown, and only near it?

Prince. I am not Fortune's Scorn, but she is mine,
More blind than I.

Princess. O Tyranny of Fate! to bring
Death in one hand, and Empire in the other;
Only to shew us Happiness, and then
To snatch us from it.

Prince. They snatch me to it;
My Saul is on her Journey, do not now

Divert,

Divert, or lead her back, to lose her self
 I th' amaze, and winding Labyrinths o' th' World:
 I prethee do not weep, thy Love is that
 I part with most unwillingly, or otherwise
 I had not staid till rude necessity
 Had forc'd me hence.

Soffy, be not a Man too soon,
 And when thou art, take heed of too much Virtue;
 It was thy Father's, and his only Crime,
 'Twill make the King suspicious; yet e'er Time,
 By Nature's Course has ripen'd thee to Man
 'Twill mellow him to Dust; till then forget
 I was thy Father, yet forget it not,
 My great Example shall excite thy Thoughts
 To noble Actions. And you dear *Erythæa*,
 Give not your Passions vent; nor let blind Fury
 Precipitate your Thoughts, nor set 'em working,
 Till time shall lend 'em better Means and Instruments
 Than lost Complaints. Where's pretty *Fatyma*?
 She must forgive my rash ungentle Passion.

Princess. What do you mean, Sir?

Prince. I am asham'd to tell you,
 I prethee call her.

Princess. I will. Sir, I pray try
 If Sleep will ease your Torments, and repair
 Your wasted Spirits.

Prince. Sleep to those empty Lids
 Is grown a Stranger, and the Day and Night
 As undistinguish'd by my Sleep, as Sight.
 O happiness of Poverty! that rests
 Securely on a Bed of living Turf,

While

While we with waking Cares and restless Thoughts,
 Lye tumbling on our Down, courting the Blessing
 Of a short Minute's Slumber, which the Ploughman
 Shakes from him, as a ransom'd Slave his Fetters:
 Call in some Musick, I have heard soft Airs
 Can charm our Senses, and expel our Cares.
 Is *Erythæa* gone?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Prince. 'Tis well:

I would not have her present at my Death.

Enter Musick.

MOrpheus, *the humble God, that dwells
 In Cottages and Smoaky Cells,
 Hates gilded Roofs and Beds of Down;
 And though he fears no Prince's Frown,
 Flies from the Circle of a Crown.*

*Come, I say, thou powerful God,
 And thy Leaden charming Rod,
 Dipt in the Lethæan Lake,
 O'er his wakeful Temples shake,
 Lest he should Sleep and never wake.*

*Nature (alas) why art thou so
 Obliged to thy greatest Foe?
 Sleep that is thy best Repast,
 Yet of Death it bears a Taste,
 And both are the same thing at last.*

Serv. So now he sleeps, let's leave him
 To his Repose.

Enter

Enter King.

King. The Horror of this place presents
The Horror of my Crimes; I fain would ask
What I am loth to hear, but I am well prepar'd:
They that are past all hope of Good, are past
All fear of Ill: and yet if he be dead,
Speak softly or uncertainly.

Phy. Sir, he sleeps.

King. O that's too plain, I know thou mean'st his
His long, his endless Sleep. [last,

Phy. No, Sir, he lives: but yet
I fear the Sleep you speak of will be his next:
For Nature, like a weak and weary Traveller,
Tir'd with a tedious and rugged way,
Not by desire provok'd, but ev'n betray'd
By weariness and want of Spirits,
Gives up her self to this unwilling slumber.

King. Thou hast it, *Haly*, 'tis indeed a sad
And sober Truth, though the first
And only Truth thou ever told'st me:
And 'tis a fatal sign, when Kings hear Truth,
Especially when Flatterers dare speak it.

Prince. I thought I heard my Father, does he think
the Poison

Too slow, and comes to see the Operation?

[*Prince awakes.*

Or does he think his Engine dull, or honest?
Less apt to execute, than he to bid him:
He needs not, 'tis enough, it will succeed
To his expectation.

King. 'Tis indeed thy Father,

Thy

Thy wretched Father; but so far from acting
New Cruelties, that if those already past,
Acknowledg'd and repented of, can yet
Receive a Pardon, by those mutual Bonds
Nature has seal'd between us, which though I
Have cancell'd, thou hast still preserv'd inviolate,
I beg thy Pardon.

Prince. Death in it self appears
Lovely and sweet, not only to be pardoned,
But wisht for, had it come from any other hand,
But from a Father; a Father.
A Name so full of Life, of Love, of Pity:
Death from a Father's Hand, from whom I first
Receiv'd a Being, 'tis a preposterous Gift,
An Act at which inverted Nature starts,
And blushes to behold her self so cruel.

King. Take thou that Comfort with thee, and be
not deaf to Truth:
By all that's Holy, by the dying accents
Of thine, and my last Breath, I never meant,
I never wisht it: Sorrow has so o'er-fraught
This sinking Barque, I shall not live to shew
How I abhor, or how I would repent
My first rash Crime; but he that now
Has poison'd thee, first poison'd me with Jealousie,
A foolish causless Jealousie.

Prince. Since you believe my Innocence,
I cannot but believe your Sorrow:
But does the Villain live? A just Revenge
Would more become the Sorrows of a King,
Than womanish Complaints.

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Than womanish Complaints.

King.

King. O *Mirza!* *Mirza!*

I have no more the Power to do it,
Than thou to see it done: My Empire, *Mirza*,
My Empire's lost: thy Virtue was the Rock
On which it firmly stood, that being undermin'd,
It sunk with its own weight; the Villain whom my
Breath created,
Now braves it in my Throne.

Prince. O for an hour of Life; but 'twill not be:
Revenge and Justice we must leave to Heav'n.
I would say more, but Death hath taken in the Out-
works,

And now assails the Fort; I feel, I feel him
Gnawing my Heart-strings: Farewel, and yet I
would——

[*Dies.*

King. O stay, stay but a while, and take me with
thee;

Come Death, let me embrace thee; thou that wert
The worst of all my Fears, art now the best
Of all my Hopes. But Fate, why hast thou added
This Curse to all the rest? the love of Life;
We love it, and yet hate it; Death we loath,
And still desire; flie to it, and yet fear it.

Enter Princess and Sophy.

Princess. He's gone, he's gone for ever:
O that the Poison had mistaken his,
And met this hated Life; but cruel Fate
Envied so great a Happiness: Fate that still
Flies from the Wretched, and pursues the Blest.
Ye Heav'ns! But why should I complain to them
That hear me not, or bow to those that hate me?

Why

Why should your Curfes so outweigh your Blessings?
They come but fingle, and long expectation
Takes from their Value: but these fall upon us
Double and sudden. *[Sees the King.]*

Yet more of Horror, then farewell my Tears,
And my just Anger be no more confin'd
To vain Complaints, or self-devouring Silence;
But break, break forth upon him like a Deluge,
And the great Spirit of my injur'd Lord
Possess me, and inspire me with a Rage
Great as thy Wrongs, and let me call together
All my Soul's Powers, to throw a Curse upon him
Black as his Crimes.

King. O spare your Anger, 'tis lost;
For he whom thou accusest has already
Condemn'd himself, and is as miserable
As thou canst think, or wish him; spit upon me,
Cast all Reproaches on me, Woman's Wit
Or Malice can invent, I'll thank thee for them;
What e'er can give me a more lively Sense
Of my own Crimes, that so I may repent 'em.

Princess. O cruel Tyrant! couldst thou be so barbarous

To a Son as Noble as thy self art Vile?
That knew no other Crime but too much Virtue;
Nor could deserve so great a Punishment
For any Fault, but that he was thy Son?
Now not content to exceed all other Tyrants,
Exceed'st thy self: first robbing him of Sight,
Then seeming by a feign'd and forc'd Repentance,
To expiate that Crime, didst win him to

A false security, and now by Poison
Hast rob'd him of his Life.

King. Were but my Soul as pure
From other Guilts as that, Heav'n did not hold
One more immaculate. Yet what I have done,
He dying did forgive me, and hadst thou been present,
Thou wouldst have done the same: for thou art
Happy,

Compar'd to me; I am not only miserable,
But wicked too; thy Miseries may find
Pity, and Help from others; but mine make me
The Scorn, and the Reproach of all the World;
Thou, like unhappy Merchants, whose Adven-
tures

Are dash'd on Rocks, or swallowed up in Storms,
Ow'st all thy Losses to the Fates: but I,
Like wastful Prodigals, have cast away
My Happiness, and with it all Mens Pity:
Thou seest how weak and wretched Guilt can make
Even Kings themselves, when a weak Woman's Anger
Can master mine.

Princess. And your Sorrow
As much o'ercomes my Anger, and turns it into mel-
ting Pity.

King. Pity not me, nor yet deplore your Husband;
But seek the Safety of your Son, his Innocence
Will be too weak a Guard, when nor my Great-
ness,

Nor yet his Father's Virtues could protect us.
Go on, my Boy; the just Revenge of all [*To Sophy*
Our Wrongs I recommend to thee and Heav'n;

I feel my Weakness growing strong upon me:

[*Ex. Princess and Soffy.*

Death, thou art he that wilt not flatter Princes,
That stoops not to Authority, nor gives
A specious Name to Tyranny; but shews
Our Actions in their own deformed likeness.
Now all those Cruelties which I have acted,
To make me great, or glorious, or secure,
Look like the hated Crimes of other Men.

Enter Physician.

King. O save me, save me! who are those that
stand,

And seem to threaten me?

Phy. There's no body, 'tis nothing
But some fearful Dream.

King. Yes, that's my Brother's Ghost, whose Birth-
right stood

'Twixt me and Empire, like a spreading Cedar
That grows to hinder some delightful Prospect;
Him I cut down.

Next my old Father's Ghost, whom I impatient,
To have my Hopes delay'd, hastned by Violence be-
fore his fatal Day;

Then my enraged Son, who seems to beckon,
And hale me to him. I come, I come, ye Ghosts,
The greatest of you all; But sure one Hell's
Too little to contain me, and too narrow
For all my Crimes.

[*Dies.*

Y

En-

Enter Mirvan and Haly at several Doors.

Ha. Go muster all the City-Bands; pretend it
To prevent sudden Tumults,
But indeed to settle the Succession.

Mir. My Lord, you are too sudden, you'll take
'em unprepar'd.

Alas! you know their Consciences are tender.
Scandal and Scruple must be first remov'd,
They must be Pray'd and Preach'd into a Tumult:
But for Succession,
Let us agree on that; there's *Calamah*
The eldest Son by the *Arabian Lady*,
A gallant Youth.

Ha. Ay, too gallant, his proud Spirit will disdain
To owe his Greatness to another's Gift:
Such Gifts as Crowns, transcending all requital,
Turn Injuries.
No, *Mirvan*; he must be Dull and Stupid, lest he
know

Wherefore we made him King.

Mir. But he must be good-natur'd, tractable,
And one that will be govern'd.

Ha. And have so much Wit to know whom he's
beholding to.

Mir. But why, my Lord, should you look further
than your self?

Ha. I have had some such Thoughts; but I con-
sider

The *Persian* State will not endure a King
So meanly born; no, I'll rather be the same I am,
In

In place the second, but the first in Power:
Solyman the Son of the *Georgian* Lady
 Shall be the Man: What Noise is that?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Prince's late Victorious
 Army
 Is marching towards the Palace, breathing nothing
 But Fury and Revenge; to them are join'd
 All whom desire of Change, or Discontent,
 Excites to new Attempts, their Leaders
Abdal and *Morat*.

Ha. *Abdal* and *Morat*! *Mirvan*, we are lost, fal-
 len from the top
 Of all our Hopes, and cast away like Sailors,
 Who scaping Seas, and Rocks, and Tempests, perish
 I'th' very Port; so are we lost i' th' fight
 And reach of all our Wishes.

Mir. How has our Intelligence fail'd us so
 strangely?

Ha. No, no, I knew they were in Mutiny;
 But they could ne'er have hurt us,
 Had they not come at this instant period,
 This point of time: had he liv'd two Days longer,
 A Pardon to the Captain, and a Largeess
 Among the Soldiers, had appeas'd their Fury:
 Had he dy'd too Days sooner, the Succession
 Had as we pleas'd been settled, and secur'd
 By *Soffy's* Death. Gods, that the World should
 turn

On Minutes, and on Moments!

Mir. My Lord, lose not your self
In Passion, but take Counsel from Necessity:
I'll to 'em, and will let them know
The Prince is dead, and that they come too late
To give him Liberty; for Love to him
Has bred their Discontents; I'll tell them boldly,
That they have lost their Hopes.

Ha. And tell them too,
As they have lost their Hopes o' th' one, they have
lost
Their Fears o' th' other: tell their Leaders we de-
fire
Their Counsel in the next Succession;
Which if it meet disturbance,
Then we shall crave Assistance from their Power,
Which Fate could not have sent in a more happy
Hour. [Exit Mirvan,

Enter Lords, Caliph.

Cal. My Lord,
Ye hear the News, the Prince's Army is at the Gate.

Ha. Ay, I hear it, and feel it here; [Aside.
But the Succession, that's the point
That first requires your Counsel.

Cal. Who should succeed, but *Soffy*?

Ha. What! in such times as these, when such an
Army
Lies at our Gates, to chuse a Child our King?
You, my Lord *Caliph*, are better read in Story,
And

And can discourse the fatal Consequences
When Children Reign.

Cal. My Lords, if you'll be guided
By Reason and Example ———

Enter Abdal and Morat.

Ha. My Lords, you come most opportunely, we
were entering
Into Dispute about the next Succession.

Ab. Who dares dispute it? we have a pow'rful
Argument
Of Forty Thousand strong, that shall confute him.

Cal. A powerful Argument indeed.

Ab. Ay, such a one as will puzzle all your Logick
And Distinctions to answer it;
And since we came too late for the Performance
Of our intended Service to the Prince,
The wronged Prince, we cannot more express
Our Loyalty to him, than in the right
Of his most hopeful Son.

Ha. But is he not too Young?

Mor. Sure you think us so too; but he, and we
Are Old enough to look through your Disguise,
And under that to see his Father's Enemies.
A Guard there.

Enter Guard.

Mor. Seize him, and you that could shew Reason
or Example.

Ha. Seize me ! for what?

Ab.

Ab. Canst thou remember such a Name as *Mirza*,
And ask for what?

Ha. That Name I must remember, and with
Horror;
But few have dy'd for doing,
What they had dy'd for if they had not done:
It was the King's Command, and I was only
Th'unhappy Minister.

Ab. Ay, such a Minister as Wind to Fire,
That adds an accidental fierceness to
Its natural Fury.

Mor. If 'twere the King's Command, 'twas first
thy Malice
Commanded that Command, and then obey'd it.

Ha. Nay, if you have resolv'd it, Truth and
Reason
Are weak and idle Arguments;
But let me pity the unhappy Instruments
Of Prince's Wils, whose Anger is our Fate,
And yet their Love's more fatal than their Hate.

Ab. And how well that Love hath been requited,
Mirvan, your Confident,
By Torture has confest.

Mor. The Story of the King, and of the Bashaws.

Ha. *Mirvan*! poor-spirited Wretch! thou hast de-
ceiv'd me:

Nay then farewell my Hopes, and next my Fears.

Enter Soffy.

Soffy. What horrid Noise was that of Drums and
Trumpets, that struck my Ear?

What

What mean these Bonds? could not my Grandfire's
Be satisfied upon his Son, but now [Jealousie
Must seize his dearest Favourite? sure my turn
comes next.

Ab. 'Tis come already, Sir; but to succeed him,
not them:

Long live King *Soffy*.

[*Without, Drums and Trumpets.*

Sof. But why are these Men Prisoners?

Ab. Let this inform you.

Sof. But is my Grandfire dead?

Ab. As sure as we are alive.

Sof. Then let 'em still be Prisoners, away with 'em;
Invite our Mother from her sad Retirement,
And all that suffer, for my Father's Love,
Restraint or Punishment.

Enter Princess.

Sof. Dear Mother, make
Our Happiness compleat, by breaking through
That Cloud of Sorrow,
And let us not be wanting to our selves,
Now th'Heav'ns have done their part,
Lest so severe and obstinate a sadness
Tempt a new Vengeance.

Princess. Sir, to comply with you I'll use a violence

Upon my Nature; Joy is such a Foreigner,
So meer a Stranger to my Thoughts, I know
Not how to entertain him; but Sorrow
I've made by Custom so habitual,

'Tis

'Tis now part of my Nature.

Sof. But can no Pleasure, no Delight divert it?
Greatness, or Power, which Women most affect,
If that can do it, rule me, and rule my Empire.

Princess. Sir, seek not to rob me of my Tears,
Fortune

Her self is not so cruel; for my Counsels,
They may be unsuccessful, but my Prayers
Shall wait on all your Actions.

Enter Solyman, as from the Rack. Guard.

Sof. Alas poor *Solyman*, how he is altered!

Sol. Why, because I would not accuse your Fa-
ther, when your Grandfather
Saw he could not stretch my Conscience, thus he
has

Stretcht my Carcass.

Mor. I think they have stretcht his Wit too:

Sol. This is your Father's Love that lies thus in
my Bones;
I might have lov'd all the Pocky Whores in *Per-*
sia, and
Have felt it less in my Bones.

Sof. Thy Faith and Honesty shall be rewarded
According to thine own desire.

Sol. Friend, I pray thee tell me whereabouts my
Knees are,
I would fain kneel to thank his Majesty:
Why Sir, for the present my Desire is only to have
A good Bone-fetter, and when your Majesty has done
that Office

To

To the Body Politick, and some skilful
Man to this Body of mine (which if it had been a
Body

Politick, had never come to this) I shall by that
Time think on something for my suffering:
But must none of these great ones be Hang'd for
Their Villainies?

Mor. Yes certainly.

Sol. Then I need look no further, some of their
Estates

Will serve my turn.

So. Bring back those Villains.

Enter Haly and Caliph.

So. Now to your Tears, dear Madam, and the
Ghost

Of my dead Father, will I consecrate
The first Fruits of my Justice: Let such Honours
And Funeral Rites, as to his Birth and Virtues
Are due, be first performed; then all that were
Actors, or Authors of so black a Deed,
Be sacrific'd as Victims to his Ghost:
First thou, my holy Devil, that couldst varnish
So foul an Act with the fair Name of Piety:
Next thou, th' Abuser of thy Prince's Ear.

Cal. Sir, I beg your Mercy.

Haly. And I a speedy Death, nor shall my Resolu-
tion

Disarm it self, nor condescend to parley
With foolish Hope.

Z

So.

So. 'Twere Cruelty to spare 'em. I am sorry
 I must commence my Reign in Blood, but Duty
 And Justice to my Father's Soul exact
 This cruel Piety; let's study for a Punishment,
 A feeling one,

And borrow from our Sorrow so much Time,
 T'invent a Torment equal to their Crime.

[*Exeunt.*]



THE

T H E

E P I L O G U E.

TIS done, and we alive again, and now
There is no Tragedy, but in your Brow.
And yet our Author hopes you're pleas'd; if not,
This having fail'd, he has a second Plot:
'Tis this; the next Day send us in your Friends,
Then laugh at them, and make your selves amends.
Thus, whether it be good or bad, yet you
May please your selves, and you may please us too:
But look you please the Poet, lest he vow
A full Revenge upon you all; but how?
'Tis not too kill you all twenty a Day,
He'll do't at once a more compendious way;
He means to write again; but so much worse,
That seeing that, you'll think it a just Curse
For censuring this: 'Faith, give him your Applause,
As you give Beggars Mony; for no cause,
But that he's troublesome, and he has sworn,
As Beggars do, he'll trouble you no more.

F I N I S.

EPITOLUE

It is said, and you will say, and many
There is no Progress, but in your Power
And yet our Father says you are not
This saying said, and as if it were
For this, the next Day, and many friends
Then laugh at them, and make you their enemies
Thus, whether it be good or bad, yet you
May please your selves, and you may please us too
But look you please the Post, let the Post
A full Message upon your ear, but how
It is not too till you all receive a Day
He'll do as once a more, and then you
He means to write again, but so much more
That seeing that, you'll think it a full Case
For confuting this: Faith, give him your Applause
As you give Beggars Money, for no cause
But that he's troublesome, and he has cause
As Beggars do, till you be you no more

